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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, the greatest of modern German poets, and who also may justly claim a lofty place among the greatest geniuses of the world, was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, on the 28th of August, 1749. From his father, a rich banker and an imperial counselor, the son of a well-to-do inn-keeper, who had begun life in the humble calling of a tailor, he inherited a sturdy, vigorous frame, and an eager desire for acquiring and imparting knowledge. From his mother, who came of a more aristocratic family, he derived a cheerful disposition, a talent for story-telling, and a genial spirit of charity and toleration, which led him to see the best side of everything.

Goethe's early education was wholly at home, under

the immediate supervision of his father. He was a wonderfully precocious child. Seldom, says Lewes, has a boy exhibited such a variety of faculty. Before his tenth year, we find him meditating an epic, familiar with art, versed in the drama, and able to write tolerably in six or seven different languages. Music, the natural sciences, theology, and even the elements of law, were not too dry subjects for the little student, whose appetite for knowledge was insatiable. Stories, too, he not only told, but wrote. In regard to this, his biographer records a touching anecdote. The small-pox had carried off a younger brother. The little Wolfgang's mother was concerned to notice that he shed no tears. "Did you not love your little brother, then," she inquired, "that you do not grieve for his loss?"

Running to his room, the child, then scarcely nine

years old, drew from under his bed a bundle of papers, written over with stories and lessons, and said: "All these I had written, that I might teach them to him."

In 1765, Goethe, aged sixteen, entered the university at Leipsic, as a student of law. Here he wrote the earliest of his preserved poems. His legal studies, however, were pursued with little regularity, poetry and art-history having stronger attractions for him.

In 1770, Goethe went to Strasburg to finish his law-course; but applied himself rather to love-making and writing verses, as usual. Nevertheless, a year later, he returned home in triumph, with his degree as a doctor of law. He is described at this period as a magnificent youth, with the form and bearing of an Apollo, and with eyes of marvelous beauty. Wherever he went, he attracted the admiring gaze of all.

While at Strasburg, Goethe made the acquaintance of Herder, whose influence upon his literary tastes and opinions, and his views of life, was highly beneficial. "He taught him," says Lewes, "to look at the Bible as a magnificent illustration of the truth that poetry is the product of a national spirit, not the privilege of a cultivated few." It was during his stay at Strasburg, also, that the youthful poet met and fell in love with Frederica Brion, the daughter of a humble country clergyman at Sesenheim. This was a romantic episode in his life. Frederica, a bright, blue-eyed, impressionable girl of sixteen, was, Goethe tells us, "one of those women who please us best out of doors. The loveliness of her manner harmonized with the flowery earth, the unclouded serenity of her face with the blue sky. A refreshing breath seemed to hover around her. A free, open glance beamed from her mild blue eyes. I knew no sorrow, no unrest, in her presence. I was immeasurably happy by her side." Yet, with all this seeming depth of affection, which was undoubtedly returned with real ardor, Goethe, shrinking, as many suppose, from a marriage which might prove an obstacle in the career of poetry and art upon which he had resolved, abruptly broke off his connection with Frederica. When about to quit Strasburg, he went and bade her an adieu, tearful on both sides, which he had already determined in his own mind should be a final one. Soon after reaching home, he wrote the poor girl a letter, bidding her farewell forever.

Her answer moved him deeply, and, by disclosing the strength and sincerity of her love, rendered it plain to him how cruelly he had trifled with her. "I could not forgive myself," he says. "I was guilty. I had wounded to its very depths one of the most true and beautiful of hearts."

After the lapse of many years, he still thought and spoke of Frederica as "one who had loved him far more than he deserved." Even at the close of his long life, the memory of his early love came back to him, and subdued him. Frederica herself, however, was never known to utter a word of complaint. Lewes would dispel no little of the romance of the story, by declaring that some years afterwards she

was betrothed to the poet Lenz. Another authority, however, informs us that, though Lenz sought her hand, she declined his offer, as she had many previous ones, saying: "The heart that has loved Goethe can belong to no other." Certainly, this sounds somewhat apocryphal; but the fact remains that Frederica never did marry, ending a tranquil life, spent in unobtrusive charities, on the 15th of April, 1815. In 1866, a fine monument, means for erecting which were raised by public subscription, was placed over her remains. On it is the inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

FREDERICA BRION.

A beam of the poet-sun fell upon her so richly as to lend her immortality.

Much has been written both for and against Goethe, in regard to his conduct in this affair. No one, however, has sought to free him of blame. The truth is, it was the youthful poet, not the man Goethe, who loved Frederica. She, for the time being, was the one sole creature whom his fancy invested with every imaginable grace of mind and person. All young men, and women, too, for that matter, who are not intensely practical, are liable to a similar experience. Well is it for them, in most cases, if, like Goethe, they do not bind themselves for life to this creature of their imagination. Goethe had the faculty of looking beneath the outer husk of things. In his cooler moments, probably, he saw Frederica as she really was—a bright, handsome, lovable enough girl, but nothing more; scarcely such a one, perhaps, as would satisfy his practical every-day requirements—a girl whom he could love, as no doubt he did, in a sentimental, poetical way, but did not think it proper to marry. His error was not in declining to make her miserable by marrying her, but in not refraining from engaging her affections irretrievably before knowing his own mind.

Already Goethe had written much, both in prose and verse, but without attracting any considerable notice. The year 1773, however, was made memorable in his life by the appearance of his "Goetz of the Iron Hand," a romantic play, in prose, which excited quite a stir in the literary circles of Germany. It was refreshingly original, and fervid with an outspoken love of freedom, which caught the temper of the time, and made the drama a marked success.

Shortly after his return home from Strasburg, the newly-fledged doctor of law had gone to Wetzlar. Here, in his own love, or, rather, poetic fancy, for Charlotte Buff, betrothed to his friend Kestner, and in the suicide of a young man named Jerusalem, he found material for his second noteworthy book, "The Sorrows of Young Werther." Appearing in 1774, this sentimental romance excited a still greater sensation than its predecessor. Translated into English, French and other European languages, it became popular with all classes, and at once established the reputation of its author on a broad and enduring

foundation. "Werther," says Carlyle, "is but the cry of that dim-rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing; it paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint; and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once responded to it."

Goethe's brilliant success did not blind him to the necessity of continued exertion. Though, as usual, he gave a great deal of his time to innocent love-making, he did not cease to write and to study. He made many new acquaintances, including such men as Klopstock, the two Stolbergs, Jacobi the poet, Basedow and Lavater the physiognomist. And now, for the third or fourth time since his desertion of Frederica, he again fell in love. His new mistress was Anne Elizabeth Schoenemann, the Lili of his songs, the daughter of a wealthy Frankfort banker, young (only sixteen), graceful and charming, but an accomplished coquette. "She was the first," said he, many years after, "and I can also add she is the last, I truly loved; for all the *inclinations* which have since agitated my heart were superficial and trivial in comparison." Though this statement is one flatly contradicted by a multitude of undoubted facts, it is yet quite certain that Goethe and Lili were engaged, with the reluctant consent of both their families, but not formally betrothed after the German fashion.

Their marriage, however, was not to be. The poet himself, though tortured by jealousy occasioned by the flirtations of his charming mistress, began to feel restive in the anticipation of marriage. Dear friends of both parties secretly labored to break off the match, and succeeded. As usual, Goethe was restless and unhappy for a season. But, just at this juncture, Karl August, the young duke of Saxe-Weimar, came to Frankfort, and invited the poet to his court. Accepting this invitation, he left his father's house forever.

Goethe was twenty-six years of age when he first went to Weimar. His patron, the arch-duke, was several years younger. For the first few months, the poet gave himself up to a life of the wildest excitement. "We are somewhat mad here," he wrote to a friend, "and play the devil's own game." There was a species of insanity, rather than downright wickedness, in his "outrageous" conduct, as Wieland calls it. He and the duke, we are told, among other strange freaks, would stand in the Jena market-place for hours together, cracking immense sledge-whips for a wager. Weimar, not a very squeamish place at the best, was shocked by the wild orgies of the two friends, who often, in the manner of Byron, drank their wine out of skulls, and, as is the way with dissipated young men, made fools of themselves generally.

Reports of his friend's irregularities reached Klopstock, at Hamburg, from whence he wrote to him a manly and dignified letter of advice and kindly remonstrance. To this mark of the elder bard's genuine friendship, Goethe replied, begging his "dear Klopstock" in future to spare him "such letters." "You must yourself feel that I have no

answer to make. Either I must, like a school-boy, begin a *pater peccavi*, or sophistically excuse, or as an honest fellow defend; and perhaps a mingling of all these might express the truth; but to what purpose?" Klopstock rejoined by declaring Goethe unworthy of his friendship, and the breach thus made was never repaired.

In a few months, however, the youthful poet himself awoke to a consciousness of his mad course. He sickened of the dissipation and follies of the court, and, withdrawing for awhile into solitude, presently returned, and, without foregoing any of the enjoyments natural to his youth and temperament, began to act a part more befitting his higher nature. To the great scandal of the aristocracy of Weimar, he was ennobled by his patron, and placed in a position where, free from pecuniary cares, he could devote himself entirely to literary and artistic pursuits. He soon became the leading spirit at the court of Karl August, where were now assembled some of the brightest intellects of Germany. Herder presently went to live there; and Schiller, too, somewhat later, was for a few years a member of the brilliant circle.

Of Goethe's life at Weimar for the next ten years, we have not room for a detailed account. It was neither idle nor given up to pleasure. His official position, which constituted him a sort of superintendent and procurer of amusements for the court, was by no means without its important duties. He wrote, studied, drew, painted, experimented in science, spent much time and money in practical but unostentatious charities, and, as was his wont, flirted a great deal. Of his numerous flirtations at this time, one rose to the dignity of a genuine love affair, in which his heart and mind were deeply engaged. Unfortunately, the gifted and accomplished lady of his love, the Baroness Von Stein, was encumbered with a husband—not a very prominent figure in the affair, it is true, but still a husband. For the Frau Von Stein, Goethe seems, however, to have had a sincere affection, which endured for ten years. To a certain extent, his love, it is not unlikely, was returned. There was no attempt at concealment; nor does any censure appear to have been cast upon either party. That Goethe was wholly as guiltless in intention as he was in fact, may be doubted; but the Frau Von Stein was prudent, and regardful of her reputation. She was a woman who knew how to retain the great poet's fickle affection without compromising her virtue. "The others," writes Lewes, "loved him—showed their love—and were forgotten. She continued to keep him in the pleasant fever of hope; made herself necessary to him; made her love an aim, and kept him in the excitement of one

'Who never is, but always to be blest.'

In 1786, Goethe was enabled to fulfill the long yearning of his life by visiting Italy. Says Lewes: "We have only to read Mignon's song, *Kennst du das Land?* which was written before the journey, to perceive how dream-like were his conceptions of Italy, and how restless was his desire to journey there."

"Know'st thou the land, where bright the citron blows,
And mid dark leaves the golden orange glows?
Where soft winds breathe from skies so blue and bland,
And myrtles still, and high the laurels stand?
Know'st thou the land?"

"Tis there, oh, there!

I fain with thee, my loved one, would repair.

"Know'st thou the house? Tall pillars the roof upholds,
Bright shines the hall, and gleams the room with gold,
And marble forms stand there, and gaze on me,
And say; 'Poor child, what have they done to thee?'
Know'st thou the house?"

"Tis there, oh, there!

I would with thee, oh, my Protector, fare!

"Know'st thou the mount? its path amid the clouds;
The mule his way through mist and vapor plods!
In caverns lurk the dragon's ancient brood—
Down plunge the rooks, and over them the flood!
Know'st thou the mount?"

"Tis there, oh, there!

Our way doth go. O Father, let us fare!"

From his Italian travels, of which he has written a most interesting account, Goethe returned in April, 1788, having tolerably, or quite, achieved the two chief objects of his journey, viz., "to free himself from the physical and moral uneasiness which rendered him almost useless, and to still the feverish thirst he felt for the art."

One day, early in the following July, Goethe, walking in the Park, at Weimar, "was accosted by a fresh, young, bright-looking girl, who, with many reverences, handed him a petition," praying that her brother, a young author, might be favored with some employment at the court. This was Christiane Vulpius, a poor girl, who, with her sisters, gained a scanty livelihood by making artificial flowers. Goethe, whose love for the Frau von Stein had now cooled, seems to have been at once captivated by the handsome person and charming simplicity of character of this young girl. The love he speedily proffered her was reciprocated. This was the beginning of a connection, which endured with undiminished faith on one side, at least, for twenty-eight years, when it was ended by death.

In 1789, Goethe gave to the world two of his most effective dramatic compositions, "Iphigenia at Tauris" and "Egmont," the latter in prose. The "Iphigenia" is in some sort an attempt to combine the Shakesperian with the old Greek drama. A year or so later, after a journey to Venice, he published his "Tasso," a play, which, having for its hero one of the most capricious and unhappy of bards, seems intended, with its semi-romantic cast, as an illustration of the poetic character, in all its moods and phases of frenzy and ecstasy. The beauty of the imagery of these two dramas is exquisite.

Passing on, regardless of chronology, I shall now briefly notice the two most important of the remaining poetic works of the great German. These are the "Faust" and "Hermann and Dorothea." The first part of "Faust" appeared in 1798, the second not until within a year or two of the poet's death, it be-

ing, in a certain sense, the child of his old age, though, no doubt, it had been very many years slowly working through his mind. "This long delay," says a recent critic, "was not without its fruits. The great poet has, indeed, embodied in this work the results of his mature and infinitely varied experience, with his ripest, richest and profoundest thoughts, the whole being wrought out with admirable skill, and everywhere illumined, so to speak, with passages of the most exquisite poetry, touching in turn every chord of the human heart." Taken as a whole, "Faust" is a wonderful play. Incomprehensible it may be, in its entirety, yet it sparkles with passages of the rarest beauty. The first part has no equal in any language. Says an English critic: "It is easy to feel, or rather, impossible not to feel, the singular beauty of this wonderful poem, its unsurpassed felicities of imagery and diction, and the impressiveness of the despondent melancholy which is the ruling temper of the whole. Philosophically considered, the 'Faust' is a propounding of the enigma of human life, with a refusal to accept from religion its only possible solution."

The "Hermann and Dorothea" is an idyllic poem, in hexameter verse, and presents to us many beautiful pictures, glowing with the light of nature. This, and "Faust," are Goethe's incomparable masterpieces. The latter is the most peculiar product of his fancy, in which we see reflected all the struggles and contests of his own interior life, during a long and deeply-stirred existence. "Hermann and Dorothea" is the poem which most clearly illustrates the pure poetic character of Goethe's genius. In the one he gives us a picture of humanity; in the other, a picture of German life. On an equal height with these two works, stands a portion—alas! a portion only—of his minor lyric productions.

Concerning Goethe's remaining prose writings, we have space for but a few words. "Wilhelm Meister," in two parts, *Apprenticeship* and *Traveling Years*, appearing at wide intervals, is a poetical prose romance, beautiful in style, and embracing some deeply philosophic art-criticisms. Its morality, however, is questionable, as is also that of the exquisitely written "elective affinities," the apparent teaching of which is, "that the attachments between the sexes are governed, like chemical affinities, by fixed, inevitable laws, which it is impossible to oppose successfully."

In 1792, Goethe, for a brief period, tried military life, accompanying the Prussian army in its invasion of France. It is said that, in this short campaign, he gave proof of the most reckless daring. Nevertheless, he soon returned to Weimar, thoroughly disgusted with the war and soldiering. Shortly after he published a scientific work on "The Theory of Colors," in which he combated the Newtonian theory. Though in this his science may have been at fault, his exquisite little treatise on "The Metamorphoses of Plants," published in 1790, and in which he was the first to announce the theory of morphology, gave him the title of "The Father of Modern Botany." The momentous propositions, now fully established,

that the flower and fruit of a plant are but modifications of the leaf, and that every bone in the human skeleton is either a vertebra or the appendage of a vertebra—both these propositions, so astounding, so fruitful of grand results, we owe to the scientific studies of the "many-sided" German poet.

The year 1794 is memorable in the history of Goethe as the one in which was finally established his remarkable friendship with Schiller. To this friendship, says Lewes, the history of literature presents nothing comparable. Firm and steadfast though it was, and dissolved only by the death of Schiller, in 1805, it was not, as friendships usually are, the union of two like natures. On the contrary, the two friends were rivals, in many respects totally at variance, "chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims."

Very few persons who have heard of Goethe, have not also heard of Bettina von Arnim, the writer, as Lewes phrases it, "of that wild, but unvarnished book, 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.'" Concerning her connection with the famous poet, I condense the following, from Lewes's biography:

A young, ardent, elfin creature worships the great poet at a distance, and writes to tell him so. He is struck with her extraordinary mind, is grateful for certain attentions she pays his mother, and writes kind letters to her, containing, certainly, some very warm expressions. She comes to Weimar, falls in his arms, and, as she says, goes to sleep in his lap, and ever afterwards is ostentatious of her admiration and jealousy. If the story is true, the position was very embarrassing to Goethe. He smiled at her passion and treated her as one treats a whimsical, amusing child. At first the child-woman's coquettish, capricious ways amused him; but, when her demonstrations became obtrusive, she had to be "called to order" so often, that his patience gave way. Acting like a child, she would not be treated like one—and wearied him. At last, in 1811, her own conduct, in grossly insulting Goethe's wife, presented him with a reasonable pretext, of which he promptly availed himself for breaking off the connection. In vain she begged him to receive her again. He was resolute. He had put an end to a relation which could not be a friendship, and was only an embarrassment. Such, says Lewes, "is the real story, as far as I can disentangle it." As for the charge made against Goethe of using her letters as materials for his poems, Riemer has proved beyond question that it was she who turned Goethe's poetry into her letters.

The history of the remaining years of the great poet's protracted life presents few points of remarkable interest, except from a purely literary point of view. His activity seemed to know no rest; his pen was constantly in motion. The deaths of his son and of his wife were both severe blows to him, and shook his hold on life. For some time before his final illness his health had been failing. He began to feel himself alone in the world. He, nevertheless, continued to study and to write till within a few days of his

death, which took place at Weimar, on the 22d of March, 1832. His last audible words were a call for "more light." After he had uttered these, sitting in his chair, he continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air. Finally, he composed himself in one corner of his chair, and slept—the sleep of death.

Both by nature and by fortune, Goethe was one of the most favored of mortals. Gifted by the one with talents of the first order, the other strewed his pathway through life with blessings. Freed from those vulgar cares which have so often weighed upon the wings of genius, he early attained the sunny heights of an untrammelled position, from which, having mastered the passions of youth, he could look calmly down upon the struggling world beneath. His versatility, or many-sidedness, is proverbial. As to the moral aspects of his character, men's judgments are wonderfully at variance. Even his admirers cannot agree in their estimate of him. It seems to me that his was an ardent, impulsive, poetic nature, whose activities, for the most part, were held in check, or modified by a deeply philosophic intellect, in which prudence at times assumed the appearance of cool and heartless calculation. Yet the charge of coldness and want of sympathy brought against him is one contradicted by the active, though unostentatious benevolence of his entire life. He was no demagogue; therefore, it has been assumed he was no friend of the people. Both his moral and religious views were peculiar. He recognized no deity above and distinct from the world, holding the entire universe to be divine.

As a poet, Goethe holds the lofty position of one whose poems were almost the earliest efforts of the German muse that deserved wide celebrity; the first, certainly, so fortunate as to attain it. He possessed depth of feeling, creative power, splendor of imagination, richness of observation, nobleness of sentiment and mastery of form, in the full meaning of those phrases, as no other man of modern times has possessed them, and to these he united a rare acuteness of intellect and a most refined taste. Above all things he loved nature. The events of life were everything to him; he knew how to reach the poetical side of the real, and to purify, and glorify, and beautify it into the ideal. In nature he discerned the primal source of truth, and in truth all greatness and wisdom. He has himself given us a key to the comprehension of the peculiarities of his genius. Speaking of one of the earlier collections of his writings, he says: "There is in them not one letter which was not lived, felt, endured, suffered, thought." He produced nothing, either in prose or verse, which was not born of some experience of his own.

JOHN B. DUFFEY.

UPON asking Lord Lansdowne whose bust it was that formed a prominent feature in his gallery, a lady-visitor was told "Marcus Aurelius." "Marcus Aurelius," she returned—"Ah, indeed! The late marquis, I suppose?"

MY LITTLE GERMAN FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEMMIE; OR, THE BIG TREES."

THERETTA was her name, and she was the most cheerful, happy-hearted little lass I ever met—and she could talk English so well, in such a pretty, quaint way, I declare, I was quite charmed with her, and am sorry I cannot make you hear her lovely foreign accent, it was hardly perceptible, and yet so bewitching; but, as it could not possibly be produced on paper, I shall not try to give it to you.

"Aha, neighbor Nellie," she would say, "I see you have your beautiful washing out again; every week I see your clothes flying, so white and fresh, and I see my own clothes flying, so white and fresh, just like swans' wings, and I say to myself, American ways are best. Then I want to go back to Germany and teach them this new way of washing."

"I have heard they do not wash very often in Germany."

"Oh, dear, no! Some folks wash twice a year, some three times; poor families wash, maybe, five, six times a year, no more. Why, don't you think, when I live there, I have twenty-eight light summer dresses and forty-six pairs of stockings, everything the same. Now, I don't have quarter so many, but I feel all right, just as good."

"But where do they keep the soiled clothes as they collect; they must have such quantities of them in a large family?"

"They have a room for the very purpose, to hang the soiled clothes all through it. They had a very large room at the farm where I was sent to learn to work. And now, what do you think of that? My mother have to pay fifty dollars for me to go there and learn to work! I did work hard, never so hard before. I get no wages at all; but my poor mother, who was a widow, have to pay fifty dollars the first year. The next year she pays nothing, and I get nothing, only something to eat and my bed to sleep on. Ah, but I dare say I could have learned plenty at home with my mother, only it was the custom to be sent away, where one could learn everything, and she thought she must have me go."

"But, oh, how strange, that she had to pay any one for the privilege of your working for them, when we generally have to teach girls here, and pay them good wages besides. Especially here, in California, we must pay twelve or fifteen dollars per month for any kind of help, and twenty or more for good help."

"Yes, I know; but it is different there. At the farm where I was there were four other girls come to learn the same as I, and we have to help about everything; to wash and iron a little—not much of washing, because three or four women came once in four months to do it. They came in the night about one or two o'clock, and began to sort the clothes and get them into the big barrel. You do not that way; but we had a very big barrel, almost as high as this room, and large around it, and they put in the clothes and a thick, coarse cloth over them, then some clean straw, I believe, and then ashes; and they began to turn

on water—pretty cool water at first, then a little hotter, by and by very hot; and it runs down through the clothes and out at the bottom of the barrel. So that begins the cleansing, and after awhile they are taken out and washed very white and rinsed; then we girls put them out to bleach. Oh, but there is one thing I must tell—it was too funny for anything," and here my little Theretta stopped to laugh merrily. "You see, in the morning, after the women came, the mistress would send us in to see how they were getting on, and the women would catch us and wash our faces with a rag; we did not like it much, but we had to give them a present for doing it."

"A present?"

"Oh, yes; it was the custom, you see, and we have to do it. Generally, we gave a bright ribbon for their caps—they wore white muslin caps, pointed at the top so," and Theretta put her finger-tips together about eight or ten inches above her head. "I should not have minded if I had had a little money myself, it would have been good fun, but my mother had to pay for the ribbon, or whatever I gave, so I thought it was too bad."

"How long did it take the women to finish the washing?"

"They generally stayed four or five days, then all was done; and what a time we girls had folding them ready for ironing. Two of us had to take hold of everything, from a sheet to a handkerchief, and pull and snap out the wrinkles, then fold it exactly even, corner to corner. Oh, dear, just as particular, you never saw anything like it."

"And one of you could not fold a handkerchief or napkin alone?"

"No, indeed, we never thought of such a thing; we were told how we must do a thing—we were paying our money to learn the best way, and we thought it must be the best."

"I don't suppose girls in America would do so, though they get the pay. They would consider the mistress too hard upon them if she required such precision."

"Ah, to be sure, I should think so myself, now. But, then, no one would ask such a thing to be done so in this country, you wouldn't have the patience; the mistress is in too much of a hurry—the maids are in too much of a hurry; everybody is in a hurry, there is so much work to be done. You cook too much of pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, puddings and everything. My country is the best to cook plain food; once a week we heat the great brick oven and bake ever so many loaves of bread, and we each have just so much bread, and so much butter, cheese and milk for our breakfast; the same for our dinner, with meat and vegetables. A very plain supper we had, too—not fuss, fuss all the time about something to eat."

"I believe your way is the most sensible. We do have bad habits, as well as good."

"Yes, and I have caught the bad, as well as good, for I make pies and cake now, and worry over them like a good American; for, you know I am soon to

marry one of your countrymen, and do suppose he will sigh for pies and dyspepsia, and I'll have to give 'em to him, if it does make him cross."

"Well, it seems to me you are just the one to strike a happy medium between the two ways of cooking; and maybe he would like plain fare the best. There is much thought taken nowadays as to what we shall eat and what we shall drink, and he may have sensible ideas on the subject, so I would not advise you to pet him up with a superabundance of dainties; just make your table look nice, and give him plenty of merry talk along with the good, wholesome food."

"Ah, I have too much of laughing and talking, maybe, for I could not leave my merry heart in Germany. My mistress used to say, 'Theretta will laugh from east to west,' meaning from morning till night. She would say, 'Your work doth not make you sober; go then, all of you, and see that old Jerome and Padock do milk the cows clean.' Every night she would send us girls to oversee the milking, but we knew nothing, we stood by the door and laughed and talked till the milk was ready to strain. The old men did not mind us, if we make believe to scold them a little. What good was it?"

"Did you learn to make butter and cheese at the farm? You must tell me about it, sometime."

"So I will; but now I must run and gather in my clothes before they fly away or the rain catcheth them. See, the clouds are rising to cover the sky."

"From east to west," I said.

"Ah, yes, as the mistress said of my laughing," and away she ran, sending a merry peal back to me.

But that was the last time I ever heard little Theretta laugh joyously, for the clouds were heavy with rain that brought flood and disaster to many a California home. Day after day the rain fell, and the air was so warm that snow in the Sierras began to melt also. Then our little river spread away out of its channel, till it became a broad, turbulent stream, carrying all before it. Timber, bridges, mills, houses, everything it could reach, was caught up into its resistless waters. The hotel, shops and stores on the lower side of Main Street were gone, I saw as I looked out over the desolate town, and the river was pressing greedily about the pretty homes on the opposite side of the street. Theretta came running up the hill to me.

"O my Nellie! Do you see the dreadful water all about our dear little home? It is coming into the parlor under the door. I had to jump across the stream from the back porch to come up here. We have moved the furniture out, and here are some parcels I wish you to have care of for me."

Her face was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks as she hurriedly pressed her little treasures into my hands and turned to go back.

"Has your father's store gone yet?" I asked.

"No; but it is sure to go soon; they have most of the goods gathered out and put up in the small cow-house on the hill."

"Wait a minute till I have locked these away in the house, then I will go down with you."

"Come on after me, that's a dear girl; I can't wait. Something dreadful, dreadful is going to happen; I see it in the water; it is killing me!" She threw out her hands with a little moan, and went swiftly down the street.

I ran about the house locking all the doors, and then followed her as quickly as I could. She had stopped at the water's edge near the house, and a number of men were wading up towards her from the store, which was swaying back and forth, and surely starting down the stream.

"We haf to gawe it up, mine little Theretta; but do not you cry, Fraulien."

"Where is Andrew?" she exclaimed, looking quickly from one to the other, but not seeing her lover's face.

"He has gone with some packages up on the hill, I reckon. If he'd been in there, he'd have heard us shout that the store was going," answered one of the men.

"The water makes a noise; he might not have heard. Everybody is shouting along the street! O Andrew!" she screamed.

"Halloo, Andrew!" they all shouted.

The building gave a lurch down into deep water, and went on more swiftly. There were some stairs on the outside of the building that still clung to it; and now the door at the head of these opened, and Andrew Greyland looked out.

"Come! come!" cried Theretta, stretching her hands towards him.

He said something that we could not hear, pointed to the water and shook his head.

"He can't swim a stroke," said one of the men, as we all started along the edge of the water, trying to think of some way we could help him.

"Get a boat!" again called Theretta.

"Boats was all swept away when the river first riz," answered the men.

"Ho, Andrew!" shouted one. "Come down and catch on to that log floating by."

He stepped out on the old shaky landing; what had been supports to it were no supports at all now, and when he reached the first stair, there was a crashing sound of breaking timber, and then—the stairs were gone; Andrew was gone; and the lonely old house lurched swiftly forward, struck by pieces of the great bridge that had come down from above the town almost unnoticed by us.

Theretta, with a despairing cry, rushed forward into the water, but was caught back by her father, and carried quickly away to my home.

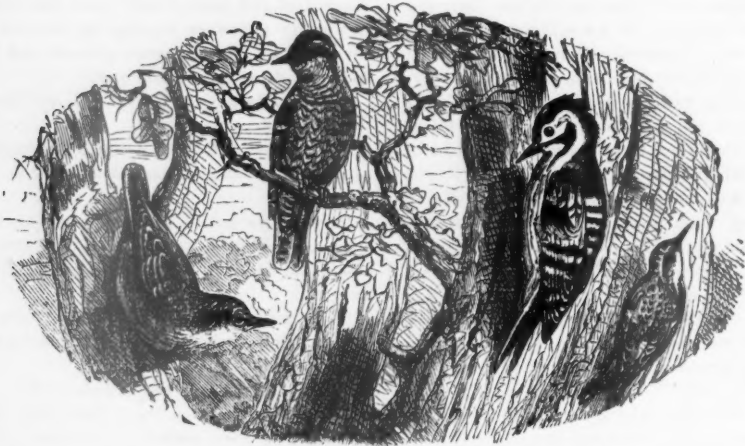
The men tried, by what means they could, to rescue poor Andrew Greyland, but they never saw his face again; probably he was struck by the floating timbers and killed instantly.

It seemed that the worst had been done now that could be done, and soon after this the waters began to subside, leaving Theretta's home safe on its little knoll; but for years its sides showed the marks of the turbid water. Theretta's father had not the heart to brighten it up with fresh paint. Perhaps it would

have been better for her if he had; she might have been able the sooner to forget the disasters of the flood.

But Theretta was never again, while I knew her, quite the light-hearted, laughing girl she had been. It was in vain that I tried to comfort her by saying:

“continued rain, and the air is warm along the foot-hills, women will put their heads out of the windows to listen for the roaring of the water, and men get up at “dead of night,” take their lanterns and go down through the storm to see how high the river has risen.



GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

“You have this to think of, my little Theretta—that he never ceased to love you, never grew cold and exacting, finding fault with your endeavors to—”

“O Nellie, you cruel Nellie! Would you have me think of him like that now he is dead, when I never thought it while he was living? He was good and kind. Let me think he would always have been so. I have it not in my heart to think any other way.”

Theretta was right; for if we speculate at all on the great question of what might have been, why not imagine it bright and full of happiness, instead of dark and sorrowful?

Theretta's father soon had a new store put in the corner of his front yard, where the other used to stand; but Theretta would not let him put stairs up on the outside; she could not bear the sight of them, she said.

She went about with a sweet gravity in her face and manner; she kept her father's house neat as ever, and sometimes tripped across the garden to the store and stood behind the counter with him, helping to measure the calicos and ribbons, and do up the parcels for his lady customers. And then, it may seem strange, but the young men would sometimes think to buy a present of a new dress for their mothers, or some jewelry for their sisters, causing much astonishment and delight at their homes, I am sure.

There was quite a long time passed before the marks of the flood were cleared out of the town, and new buildings were put up along Main Street. But though it did at last put on a thriving air of security, yet, even unto this day, when there is a long-con-

THE WOODPECKER.

JULES MICHELET, in classing this bird with the laborer, says: “His modest guild, spread over these two words, serves, teaches and edifies man. His garb varies; but the common sign by which he may be recognized is the scarlet hood with which the good artisan generally covers his head, his firm and solid skull. His special tool, which is at once pick-axe and auger, chisel and plane, is his square-fashioned bill. His nervous limbs, armed with strong, black nails, of a sure and firm grasp, seat him securely on his branch, where he remains for whole days, in an awkward attitude, striking always from below upwards. Except in the morning, when he bestirs himself, and stretches his limbs in every direction, like all superior workmen, who allow a few moments' preparation in order not to interrupt themselves afterwards, he digs and digs throughout a long day with singular perseverance. You may hear him still later, for he prolongs his work into the night, and thus gains some additional hours.”

As an artisan, the woodpecker is well furnished for the work of chipping and boring, which he has to do in order to get his living. His feet are very powerful and the claws strongly hooked, so that the bird can retain a firm hold of the tree to which it is clinging while it works away at the bark or wood with its hard, strong bill. The tail is furnished with very stiff and pointed feathers, which are pressed against the bark, and form a kind of support on which the bird can rest a large proportion of its weight. The breast-bone is not so prominent as in the generality of flying birds, in order to enable it to press its breast

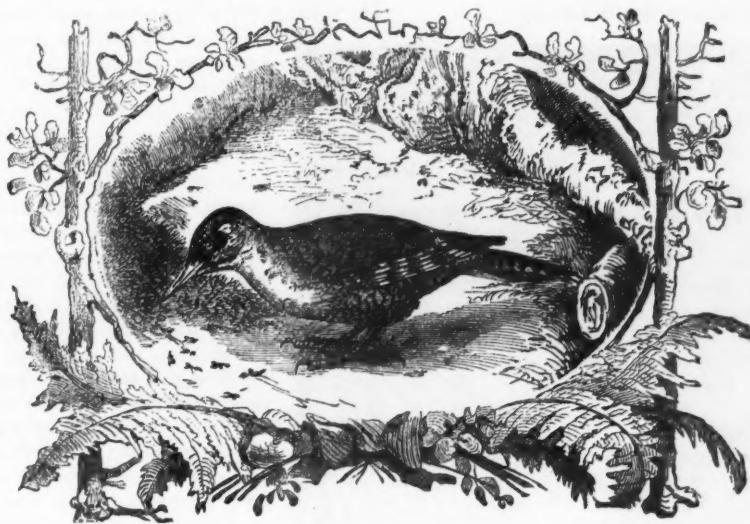
closely to the tree, and the beak is long, strong and sharp. There is yet another provision which the woodpecker needs to enable it to capture the little insects on which it feeds, and which lurk in small holes and crannies into which its bill could not penetrate. This is found in the long tongue, which is furnished at the tip with a horny appendage, covered with barbs, and sharply-pointed at the extremity, so that it is able to project this instrument to a considerable distance from the bill, and transfix an insect and draw it into the mouth. Insects, too small to be thus treated, are captured by means of a glutinous liquid poured upon the tongue from certain glands within the mouth, and which cause the little insects to adhere to the weapon suddenly projected among them.

The woodpecker is a shy bird, keeping mainly to the woods, and only venturing into cultivated ground when it has an instinctive assurance of being unmolested.

Referring to the great spotted woodpecker, one of

spring, and the sound can only be described by the comparison already made, namely, a watchman's rattle. Chips and bark fly in every direction; and should the tree be an old one, whole heaps of bark will be discovered at the foot. By the aid of a small telescope, the tongue can be seen darted out occasionally, but the movement is so quick, that unless the attention of the observer be especially directed towards it, he will fail to notice it.

"The woodpecker has several modes of tapping the trees, which can be readily distinguished by a practiced ear. First there is the preliminary tap and the rapid whirring strokes already described, when the bird is engaged in seeking its food. Then there is a curious kind of sound made by pushing its beak into a crack, and rattling it in such a manner against the wood, that the insects think their house is falling, and run out to escape the impending danger, just as worms come to the surface when the ground is



THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

the five British species, an illustration of which we give, Rev. I. G. Wood says: "The rapid series of strokes on the bark, something like the sound of a watchman's rattle, will indicate the direction in which the birds are working; and when the intruding observer has drawn near the tree on which he suspects the woodpecker to have settled, he should quietly sit or lie down, without moving. At first the bird will not be visible, for the woodpecker, like the squirrels, have a natural tact for keeping the tree-trunk or branch between themselves and the supposed enemy, and will not show themselves until they think that the danger has passed away.

"Presently the woodpecker may be seen coming very cautiously round the tree, peering here and there, to assure itself that the coast is clear, and then, after a few preliminary taps, will set vigorously to work. So rapidly do the blows follow each other, that the head of the bird seems to be vibrating on a

agitated by a spade or fork. Lastly, there is a kind of drumming sound made by striking the bill against some hollow tree, and used together with the peculiar cry for the purpose of calling its mate."

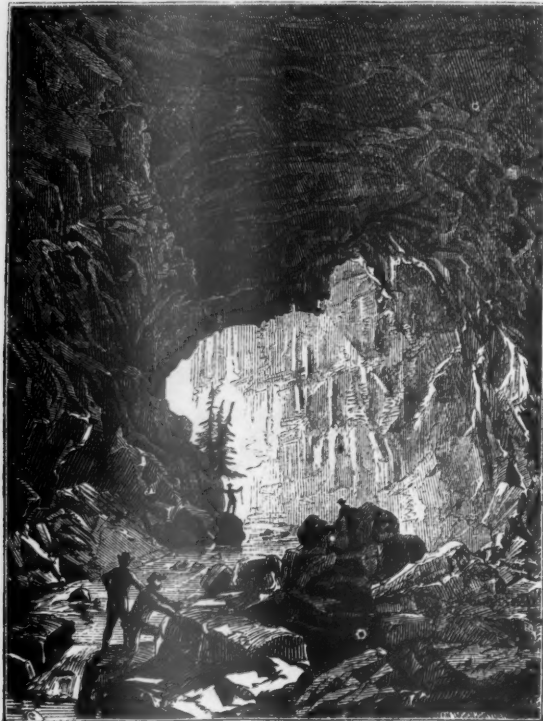
The green woodpecker is among the commonest of the British woodpeckers, and is known as the rain-bird, wood-sprite and hew-hole.

"This species," says Mr. Wood, "although mostly found on trees, is a frequent visitor to the ground, where it finds abundance of food. Ants' nests are said to form a great attraction to the green woodpecker, which feasts merrily at the expense of the insect community. During the autumn, it also lives on vegetable food, being especially fond of nuts, which it can crack without any difficulty by repeated strokes from its bill. The nest of this woodpecker is, like that of the other species, a mere heap of soft, decaying wood at the bottom of a tunnel dug by the

birds, or adapted to their use from an already existing cavity."

In America are many species of these birds, among which the red-headed woodpecker is conspicuous for his boldness and frequent depredations on the garden and orchard.

"Wherever," says Wilson, "there is a tree or trees of the wild cherry, covered with ripe fruit, there you see them busy among the branches, and in passing orchards you may easily know where to find the earliest and sweetest apples, by observing those trees on or near which the red-headed woodpecker is skulking. For he is so excellent a connoisseur in fruit, that whenever an apple or pear-tree is found broached by him, it is sure to be among the ripest and best flavored; when alarmed, he seizes a capital one by striking his open bill into it, and bears it off to the woods. When the Indian corn is in its rich succulent state, he attacks it with great eagerness, opening a passage through the numerous folds of the husk, and feeding on it with voracity."



THE NATURAL TUNNEL—ITS INTERIOR.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL IN VIRGINIA.

THE Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, Virginia, where an arch fifty feet higher than Niagara Falls, springs across a great mountain chasm, is familiar to American tourists. So are the Peaks of Otter, in Bedford County, rising five thousand feet above the sea; and Weyer's Cave, in Augusta County. But, until recently, the remarkable Natural

Tunnel, in Scott County, which passes for a distance of a hundred and fifty yards through the solid rock, making a huge subterranean cavern or grotto, with vaulted roofs rising from seventy to eighty feet above the floor, had scarcely been heard of beyond the circle of hardy and indifferent mountaineers who inhabited the region.

Describing this tunnel, Mr. E. A. Pollard, in "Highways and Byways of American Travel," says: "The western face of the tunnel, near which we dismount, continues partly concealed from view, or is imperfectly exposed, until we nearly approach it, the immense rock which is perforated being here dressed with the thick foliage of the spruce-pine, and the bare surface adorned with a beautiful tracery of vines and creepers. At last is seen the entrance of what appears to be a huge subterranean grotto or cavern, into which the stream disappears; a tower rock rising here about two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and a rude entrance gorged into it, varying in width, as far as the eye can reach, from one hundred

and fifty feet, and rising in a clear vault from seventy to eighty feet above the floor. The view here terminates in the very blackness of darkness; it is broken on the first curve of the tunnel. The bed of the stream from which the water has disappeared on account of the drought, the reduced currents sinking to lower subterranean channels, is piled with irregular rocks, on the sharp points of which we stumble and cut our hands; there is no foothold but on rocks, and it is only when we have struggled through the darkness, and issued into the broad sunshine, that we find we have traveled nearly two hundred yards through one solid rock, in which there is not an inch of soil, not a cleft, and which, even beyond the *debouchure* of the tunnel runs away a hundred yards in a wall five hundred feet high, as clean and whetted as the work of a mason. * * * The course of the tunnel may be described as a continuous curve; it resembles, indeed, a prostrate ω . For a distance of twenty yards midway of this course, we are excluded from the view of either entrance, and the darkness is about that of a night with one quarter of the moon. The vault becomes lower here—in some places scarcely more than thirty feet high—and springs immediately from the floor. The situation is

awful and oppressive; the voice sounds unnatural, and rumbles strangely and fearfully along the arch of stone. We are encoffined in the solid rock; there is a strange pang in the beating heart in its imprisonment, so impenetrable, black, hopeless, and we hurry to meet the light of day. In that light we are dis-entombed, and instantly introduced to a scene so luminous and majestic that in a moment our trembling eyes are captivated, and our hearts in unutter-

able worship of the Creator's works. It is that sheer wall of rock which we have already mentioned, where the arch and the other side of the tunnel break away into the mountain slope; a high wall slightly impending; an amphitheatre, extending one hundred yards, of awful precipices; a clean battlement, without a joint in it, five hundred feet high. And this splendid height and breadth of stone, that a thousand storms have polished, leaving not a cleft of soil in it—this huge, unjointed masonry raised against the sky, gray and weather-stained, with glittering patches of light on it—is yet part of the same huge rock which towered at the farther end of the tunnel, and through whose seamless cavity we have traveled two hundred yards."

We present two views of this magnificent mountain tunnel, from which the reader will be able to gain some idea of its grandeur and impressiveness.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

"ALL is for the best," said one to a merchant who had met with heavy losses.

"It is not for the best that I should lose my property," indignantly replied the merchant.

"The Lord's providence deals intimately with the affairs of men," said the other, "and all these dealings are for good."

But the merchant spurned the sentiment. His heart was placed on riches. He looked upon money as the greatest good. Loss of wealth was, therefore, in his mind, the greatest evil that could befall him.

"It is not for the best," he said in his heart, and with something of the spirit in which the fool said: "No God!"

The disaster proved total. The merchant, yet quite a young man, became bankrupt. Nor was this all. A marriage contract in a wealthy family was broken off, thus visiting him with a double calamity.

"All for the best!" he said to himself, bitterly, recurring to the sentiment which had been uttered in his ears. "No! It is not for the best. Why have I been dealt with so harshly? Of what crime have I been guilty? Whose ox or whose ass have I taken unjustly? I have been frowned upon without a cause."

In this state he remained for months, and then made another effort. On a few hundred dollars he commenced business once more, and with hard labor and slow progress made his way again along the road to success. She to whom he had been engaged in marriage was united to a more wealthy lover, and he sought a union with one whose external circum-

stances corresponded with his own. In wedding, he wedded happily. The partner of his bosom was a true woman, and their hearts were joined in the tenderest affection.

Years came and went, and many precious children blessed their union. Prosperity crowned the mer-



THE NATURAL TUNNEL—LOOKING OUT.

chant's efforts. He gathered in wealth, but prized it less for its possession than its use.

"What now?" said the one who had previously referred to the dark dispensation of Providence. "Is all for the best? or does your heart still doubt?"

"I see it clearer; yet, sometimes I doubt," said the merchant.

"But for your loss of property," said the other, "you would have married the daughter of Mr. Humphrey?"

"Yes."

"And she would have been the mother of your children?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard of her conduct?"

"No. What has she done?"

"Yesterday she deserted her husband, leaving a babe three months old, and has gone off with an opera singer."

"It cannot be!"

"Alas! It is too true."

"Wretched creature! Oh, who could have believed her heart so corrupt!"

"Was not the loss of your wealth a blessing, seeing

that it has saved both you and your children from disgrace and wretchedness?"

"A blessing? Thrice a blessing! Yes, yes. It was for the best. I see, I feel, I acknowledge it."

"Heaven knows what is best for us, and orders all for good, if we only perform our duty. Not, however, our mere natural good, but our spiritual well-being. God is spiritual and eternal, and all His providences in regard to His creatures look to spiritual and eternal ends. Thus, while the saving of you and your children from this calamity may conduce to your higher good, its permission to fall upon another man and his children may be the means of their spiritual elevation. All that occurs in each one's life is designed to react upon his peculiar character; and this is the reason why one man is visited by calamity, and another spared; and the reason why one man is permitted to get rich, while another, struggle as he will, remains poor. God directs and overrules all for good, in individuals as well as nations. All is under His eye, and not a sparrow falls without His observation."

NEARING THE SHORE.

THE rain patters down on the moss-covered roof,
And beats its merry refrain,
Like the feet of a dancer behind the lights,
Over the dark window-pane;
And the pebbles lie bare in the gullies worn
By the ceaseless drip of the rain.

The red blaze leaps like a flash of wings
O'er a battlement high and strong,
And low on the hearth the cricket sings
To the teakettle's droning song;
And the silver finger turns round to nine—
The evenings are growing long.

So I sit and dream, while the kitten curls
Its head on my arm to sleep,
And the firelight glimmers upon the wall,
And the shadows rise and creep,
Till over my senses they steal and steal,
And I fall in a reverie deep.

There are faces that waver and come and go,
Through a blinding mist of tears,
There are voices and voices that rise and call
From out the depths of the years,
And the winds from the islands of long ago
Are sounding in my ears.

There are ships afar on the boundless waste,
That will never, never come home;
I have seen them in dreams of the solemn night
As they plunge through the shoreless gloom,
Their white sails floating, their tall masts bowed,
But far from the port they roam.

And precious as gold is the freight they bear,
Of beauty that never dies,
Of merriest laughter and sweetest song,

And the language of loving eyes;
A holly-wreath twined among chestnut braids,
And blushes and low replies.

There's a boat adrift on an idle stream,
When the summer day is done,
A withered rose in an old, old book,
And two hearts woven in one,
And a golden ring that has a gleam
Like the rays of a setting sun.

But best and dearest of all to me
Is the face of my sailor boy,
Who sailed away in the early spring,
When the wild birds sang for joy,
And down by the river we pledged the faith
That time should never destroy.

So I sit and dream, while the rain beats down
On the roof with a merry rhyme,
And wonder whether that bonny face
Is still on the seas of time,
Or if it has passed the harbor bar
Of a softer sky and clime.

For he never came back, and I gave my hand
To one who was true to me;
His grave lies to-night by a shorter one,
Under the church-yard tree;
And I never knew of his earthly fate—
My sailor boy over the sea.

And I never may know till the lapsing waves
Have swept my boat from the strand,
And through the darkness the angels reach
And lovingly clasp my hand,
And I hear the roll of the silver sea
In the light of the spirit land.

The winds from the islands of long ago
Bring never a sigh of pain;
My life has been as the life of all—
A wave of sunshine and rain;
Love and duty, and care and grief,
Have welded the long-drawn chain.

But the first glad faith of our early years—
We dream of it o'er and o'er—
The first, the purest, the best of all,
Shall be broken at last no more.
Life is sweet—as a long day's sunset hour;
As a voyage that nears the shore.

MARY HOWARD.

ARISTOTLE being asked what grew old soonest, and what latest, answered: Benefits and injuries. The wise philosopher well understood that we are apt to forget a good turn, but our memories are wonderfully tenacious of any wrong or injury that we conceive hath been done to us. Most men write down the one in sand, where every blast of wind obliterates the record; but the other they take care to have engraven upon leaves of adamant, in characters that scarce time itself is able to deface.

NOT A GHOST.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was Thanksgiving Eve. Floy had tried to keep from looking into the troubled, confused, "dark place inside," and with pleasant chat, and playful ways, and careful attentions, the grandmother had been put to bed, and the little call-bell, and her watch, and candle, and glass of water had been placed on the stand by the bedside. The fire in the grate had been prepared for the night, and Florence stole softly down in the kitchen, and found Annie sitting with her feet on the stove-hearth and her face in her hands.

"Dear, kind Annie! You up yet! I hoped that you might be, and have come to talk with you."

"I've been expecting it," said Annie.

"Of course you have, and you've been so patient waiting for your wages, and I have hoped each day that Mrs. Percival would pay up for her daughter's lessons, so I could give you the money. But, O Annie! I have heard to-day that the whole family have moved out of the town, and without settling any of their debts, and I have come to talk with you."

"Just like 'em!" said Annie, indignantly, seizing the poker and punching the fire-brands. "They're a mean crew. I always said so. Not that I care a cent about the wages; but to think of your working as you did over those girls' daubs of pictures, and bearing all their airs and impudence, and then have them clear out without your getting a hooter of recompense! It's all off a piece. It stirs me up."

"Never mind, Annie," said Floy, smiling; "because, if we do mind, we can't help it, and so there's no use. Let us see if there is anything we can help. I haven't sold a picture now for over three months. I put my price for lessons down so as to get scholars, and I haven't received payment even at that. My mind was so tired I couldn't paint anything fit for the exhibition, or I might have made a sale that way. But, worse than all, Annie, Mr. Oglevie hasn't paid the money he acknowledged he owed mamma on that land-purchase, and so my note to Mr. Noble is not taken up, and to-day was the last day of grace. I suppose it must be my fault, but I just don't know what to do, Annie." Floy's lip trembled a little bit, though she looked very brave, and she just had to stop talking.

"Your fault!" exclaimed loyal Annie. "I hope you have better judgment than to say that, Miss Florence. What more could you do?"

"But it may be," said Floy, with a sudden dewiness in her eyes, "that I don't work right. There is only rent from those two rooms back in the wing that we have to depend upon, and taxes and insurance soon to be paid; and, Annie dear, I don't see but that you will have to leave us and go where people are industrious enough to pay their debts," with tears in her eyes, and a little bitterness of self-blame in her tone.

"Leave you?" repeated astonished Annie. "Wages!" quoted the loyal, remonstrating tones, as

though wages were the most obnoxious things in the world. "'Tisn't wages makes a home. Haven't you always treated me as though I belonged to the family?"

"So you do, to the great household of faith—the family that shall be gathered above."

"Wasn't it by your means I was brought into the church, and haven't you all counted my welfare as your own?"

"Are we not all members one of another?" quoted Floy, in low, glad, loving tones.

"Prove it, then, Miss Florence, by never speaking to me again about wages so long as you give me a home. Let me be a plank in the ship; and here's something in hand paid to bind the bargain, and there'll be separate, regular installments, or my name isn't Annie Robinson," and she took a bank-bill from her pocket without looking at it, and slipped it into Floy's hand.

"Annie, where did you get this? You told me you had let your sister have all your savings."

"Earned it," said the woman, sententially.

"How?"

"From your little tailor."

"Annie!" Floy sprang to her feet.

"His work's coming in mighty fast, and I told him he needn't say anything about it to you or anybody else, but anything he couldn't do I'd fetch home and do; and I brought some, and sat up nights to do it, for I saw how you'd be coming out pretty soon. I've been expecting it. And he paid me just what he got; and I brought some more; but, Miss Florence, I shall have to levy on you for the buttonholes. I can't begin to make such buttonholes as yours! But I calculate I do the rest pretty well, and I reckon the tailor can ask better prices soon. When I went for milk, I went round to a first-class shop and found out their prices to their hands, and their charges to customers, and Haskins & Co. can soon equal them, if the 'Co.' isn't written on the sign. Mr. Haskins understands cutting and fitting prime, and I can do what wants eyesight. I do hope his eyes won't give out; I shouldn't know how to cut the work, though I'm picking up the trade fast. Why, Miss Florence, it's a perfect God-send, your thinking of our helping ourselves this way. It'll be a good dependence for me all my life, and may 'bridge over' for us, this year, till you can paint some pictures. If you'll let me have the sewing machine down here, it'll help powerful."

She opened the store-room door as she spoke, and Floy saw a table covered with sewing implements, press-board, bits of cloth and wax and buttons.

"I've cleared this out for a work-room. See! It needn't be in the way nor worry your grandmother a mite. It's my work, and I'm a plank in this ship."

Florence dropped her head on her arms, which were extended on the kitchen table by which she sat; and Annie was frightened to see one uniformly so self-possessed weeping with such abandon.

"Why, Miss Florence, why what is the matter?"

"Let me cry; it's doing me good," said Florence.

"I've been all strung up. I didn't know what we were going to do next. And you've let me down into such comfort, Annie, it's broken me all up. But, most of all, is proving again that the Word is true. I'm always proving it."

"What in the world do you mean, Miss Floy?"

"Why, I didn't plan our helping ourselves," said Florence, "by helping the tailor—I never thought of such a thing. I didn't know he had work enough to keep himself busy, and I didn't know that I could do such work, or that it would pay women anything more than starvation prices, at the best. I didn't know, Annie, that I ought to take the time from trying to work for ourselves to take lessons of the tailor."

"Then, what in the world did you do it for?" inquired Annie. "I puzzled about it at first, and then concluded you was going to teach tailoring to a class yourself."

Florence's laugh rippled out for a moment, as she caught the wondering expression of Annie's face, but her own grew sweetly grave again, as she said: "It is almost too sacred to tell, Annie, how I found out that Mr. Haskins was in need of help. I learned, at the same time, that he was a very faithful follower of our Lord, and my heart sprang to his relief. I just went by the naked Word, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' I was sure, Annie, that it was righteousness; that is, that it was according to Divine law and order to act, so far as I could, at once, for the relief of my neighbor, though some evil spirit mocked me, and told me that charity began at home, and that I indulged myself too much in serving the Master, and I never did imagine the practical application of 'these things being added' unto me. I am always proving the Word so true, when I go by it, that it startles me. Why, Mr. Huskins is a real practical blessing to us! I've written to Dr. Earl to come here, if possible, and see his old friend, Captain Vardell, now stationed here at our barracks, and see if he can do anything for Mr. Haskins's eyes. Dr. Bassett has done them no good, and Jem has spent more than he could afford, and received no benefit."

As Florence started to go up-stairs that night to her room, after saying good-night to Annie, she came back and gave her faithful friend a little wordless hug, and whispered: "I'll make all the buttonholes you want me to, Annie."

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day the Rev. Mr. Ellery was having a pleasant chat with the grandmother and Floy, as they sat cozily around the grate, in the comfortable chairs with which the cheery sitting-room abounded, when Annie came in and brought the mail. There was a letter from an old pupil. There was also a business-looking letter, that had printed upon it, "If not called for within ten days, return to Stanley Earle, M. D., Ruxbury." Besides this, there was another letter, that made Floy give a little start, for the

superscription was in Nathaniel Noble's handwriting, and reminded her of the note of hand of which the grandmother must know nothing. It was receiving this letter in her grandmother's presence that momentarily distressed Floy. It was painful to her at any time to be obliged to conceal anything from those she loved.

Mr. Ellery drew his chair nearer grandmother's and engrossed her in conversation entirely, purposely excluding Floy, and leaving her at liberty to look over her mail.

Floy quickly glanced over the note from her creditor. It read thus:

"MISS FLORENCE IVISON: My Esteemed Friend—Permit me to say that I trust you will not make any extraordinary exertion to meet the payment to which your favor of the 22d inst. refers, at maturity of note; nor feel any uneasiness about the matter, should it be inconvenient for you to do so. It was my intention to give you such length of time as your convenience might require for making this payment. If the term named has proved inadequate, it will give me pleasure to extend it.

"Yours, very truly,

"NATHANIEL NOBLE."

Floy drew a long breath, not only of personal satisfaction, but with a feeling kindred to the gratification experienced in looking at a beautiful picture or mountain scenery. Not only had Nathaniel Noble, under no personal obligations whatever to her or hers, come forward voluntarily, while she was under indebtedness to him, and secured desirable property for her advantage, but had even delicately anticipated any embarrassment as regarded payment therefor at the time assigned by sending this kind and thoughtful expression of his pleasure in extending time, should she desire it.

"I call that exquisite—beautiful in the abstract," she said to herself. "I surely failed to take up the note of promise. Failed totally, though large time was given me. It is not laxity that makes Nathaniel Noble tolerant. I know no man that has a more strict sense of honor and love of exactness in every relation than Nathaniel Noble. It is very cream of human kindness. It is sympathy, morally artistic in its form of expression," and as she slipped the letters into her pocket, Annie entered, bearing a tray of plates and napkins, and presently she drew a table up to the circle, enjoying the glow of the anthracite, and upon its cheerful cover deposited another tray of chocolate, chicken-salad, sandwiches and accompaniments, making them all comfortable, as Annie so well knew how to do.

"You look in harmony with the day, Miss Floy!" said Mr. Ellery. "I must burden you with a charge, weigh down your wings with a responsibility to keep you from flying away; so serious a tax upon your powers of management as to help me to keep appetite enough for later feasting to-day, in the midst of all these temptations.

Grandmother was not only a little deaf, but was intent at that moment in dropping from the tiny vial hid in her sleeve, the colorless, tasteless tonic she was obliged to take before meals, and Floy ventured to say, while Annie waited on the gentle invalid: "I do feel in harmony with the day, Mr. Ellery. You know

'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er a noble word is thought,
Our souls in glad surprise
To higher levels rise!'

Maybe my quotation is not correct to the letter, but that is the sentiment."

"Have you had such a happy invigorator?"

"I have, and just now, another beautiful deed of Nathaniel Noble casts sunshine in a shady place."

"Nathaniel Noble?"

"Yes, on Pleasant Street."

"The name is familiar, but I do not know him very well. He is one of the directors, I remember, of our 'Home,' and now, that I think of it, has been quietly very efficient."

"I appreciate your placing of that word 'quietly' just there," said Floy.

"Is he one that does not let his right hand know what his left doeth; and, like the Nathaniel of old, one without guile?"

"I think of just that every time I write his name," said Floy, "and I believe his lovely wife helps him, as Tennyson says in his 'Princess,' 'like music set to noble words.'"

The talk soon diverged to the children's Thanksgiving dinner, at the Home; and, as Floy was pouring chocolate in a delicate china cup, embellished with darting humming-birds and summer blossoms, she stopped, arrested in the act by a sudden thought that illumined her with delight. "Mr. Ellery, I believe, I do believe I know the very person you need at the young institution for Home-centre. Old hen, tutor, chaplain, 'little minister' for the juveniles."

"Hear, hear," said Mr. Ellery, looking up from the depths of his easy-chair, while Floy stood at the table before the hearth, with the gay little cup in one hand and the chocolate-pot in the other. "You have the floor, Miss Ivison."

"The person requires the position as much as the position requires the person. He is ruining his eyesight at his trade, overworked, threatened with blindness if he cannot have rest. A passionate lover of children; a lover of books, though totally unable to indulge in them; with education enough to act as tutor to the little ones for some time, and Scripture enough memorized from boyhood to teach them for a long while, even if blindness should come upon him."

"Miss Florence, you are making a thanksgiving for me, indeed! Where may this person be found, and what is his name?"

"Three blocks down; by name, Haskins—Jem Haskins; a 'gem' worthy a better setting, and I hope he will get it," said Florence.

"Haskins, Haskins," repeated the minister, "Jem

Haskins. The name seems familiar, yet I do not know why. Ah," suddenly sitting erect, "I employed a youth of that name twenty years ago, it must have been. I haven't thought of him for years before. Not probably the same, but he quite attached himself to me, and the name wakes up a host of recollections. I remember now, that when I moved from Ramsay he was about to marry the pretty little Quakeress, Ruth Snowden, and Jem was beginning to act as a sort of curate to all the Dominies, and my wife and I were shocked to hear, soon after, that he had contracted a most unsuitable marriage, and in a short time left the town. I have never heard from him since. Strange! how it all comes back to mind."

"I believe he is the very same," said Floy, with animation. "This is too good! He told me of having lived with a minister, who taught him to parse in 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Did he?" said Mr. Ellery, amusedly and with feeling, a sudden moisture coming to his eyes. "Poor Jem! It must be he. Miss Florence, I think I will go around by Mercer Street, when I go home, and just stop at his door, and if it really is Jem, ask him to come up to my study to-morrow."

"I wish you would!" said Florence.

He did.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEM sat in the study of the Hansom Place parsonage.

"The town's large, and I stay mostly in one spot," said Jem, in reply to the minister's remark.

"And you say you've lived here twelve years, and I have been here five, and we've never met!"

"I've often thought of you, sir, and wanted to write," added Jem; "but I didn't know what accounts you'd heard of me, and after a little I didn't know where to direct a letter, as you didn't answer the first."

"I never got it, Jem."

"Not the one about my marriage?"

"Never."

"Not the one telling you how kind Jane was?"

"No, my boy."

Jem fairly trembled with excitement. "Then you and Mrs. Ellery didn't go back on me, after all?"

"Do what, Jem?"

"You didn't cast me off because I got in trouble—I mean, because Jane was so kind?"

"Of course we never cast you off, Jem. Let me see, you married—" and Mr. Ellery hesitated to have the name supplied him.

"Jane Ketchem," said Jem, finishing Mr. Ellery's sentence. "I don't know as you remember about the old times, but I always wanted you to know why I seemed so inconsistent. I never 'talked out' to any mortal but you, and it wouldn't be worth mentioning now, only I did not want to be put in a bad to you and Mrs. Ellery, after all you'd done for me."

"I remember all about the old times, Jem."

"The fact was, when I talked to you about what I

was hoping, I didn't know whether Ruth," and Jem stopped, and color suffused his face, "would let me pay her any serious attention or not, though she was always very friendly. I was just getting a good salary in the book-store, and ready to pay her attention, if she'd let me, when Jane began to be so kind. It was very sudden on me, or I should have told you."

"What was?"

"Getting married," said Jem, glancing cautiously around; "though I never spoke of it to a mortal before."

"Ah."

"I know it was a long, lonesome walk home for Jane Ketchem from singing-school. There was nobody going that way, and it wasn't a pleasant neighborhood; so as the other fellows didn't, and Ruth"—and Jem's voice trembled a little at the mention of the name of the old love—"wasn't there, I asked one night to see her home. I never was so surprised in my life. I had no expectation of so much kindness; but when I left her, Jane kissed me. I told her it was very unexpected. I couldn't quite make it out; but she said she wanted to see me about something, and she should feel very deeply hurt if I did not come again. I went, and what she wanted of me was to write in her album. She always wanted me to come to take her to church or something; and I knew it was a lonesome place she lived in; and first I knew, her folks moved West, and she asked me—that is, she came to the store and inquired what my intentions were, and cried when I told her I hadn't any, and said I'd ruined her prospects. Her brother-in-law said it would kill her if I didn't—in short, if I didn't marry her. He was clerking or something in a pettifogging law-office, and talked about a suit; and I wouldn't have a—whatever they call it—breach-of-promise whisper get to the ears of Ruthy Snowden, or to the hearing of the church, for anything, and you was gone away and didn't answer my letter."

"I never got any letter," said Mr. Ellery again. "My poor fellow, what did you do?"

"Why, it was rather hard on Jane, I couldn't give her the right kind of feeling, and I thought it was only fair to tell her so, and I didn't think she'd take me. But she said I would feel different by and by, and her brother-in-law said it would make such a great difference to Jenny; and I had never in my life said one word to—"

"Yes," said Mr. Ellery, "I know who—Ruth."

Jem bowed. "I never had spoken to her about any special regard; and I thought, perhaps if it was going to make such a difference to Jane, maybe I could get along some way, and it was better than having a stain on my name, any way, to come to the ears of the church; and I hadn't been dishonorable, for I hadn't the slightest idea I was gaining Jenny's affections so rapidly." Jem sat back in his chair. "She was very kind and unexpected to me, and sometimes I think no man ever had a better family. The children used to like me when they were little, and

Jenny is a good housekeeper, considering what a bad provider I am." And the cheerful look the loyal little man tried to assume had more of hopeless misery in it than a thousand complaints would have done.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ellery, "you are the very man I have been looking for."

CHAPTER IX.

SOME time passed. "My dear," said grandmother to Floy, "I wish that Dr. Earl would accept the very handsome offer that Dr. Bassett has made him, and buy out his practice here! It would be such a relief to me to have him here in town, where I can call in his services any hour, and I need them more every month. I am very glad he came to visit Captain Vardell, his friend, at the garrison. He has not only done our friend Jem untold good, but has increased my confidence in him as regards my own case; and now that Dr. Bassett offers to sell out his practice to him, I do wish he could be induced to accept, and be all the time in town near us. Why did you not say an encouraging word to him about it?"

"I could not," said Floy, with a rosy flush, not unlike the one with which she had told Bessie Haskins she thought it would be beautiful to make coats to keep doctors warm when they went to see their patients.

"Do you," asked grandmother, "know any of his reasons for declining?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Floy, dropping her work in her lap, and raising her frank, earnest face to look full into her grandmother's.

"What are they, my dear?"

"They are all included in one very cogent reason. He cannot possibly raise the means to accept the offer and make the payment."

"Oh!" said grandmother, with a sudden sinking back into her chair. "Floy, dear, we have lived here so long in the same old way and the same old house, while the little village has grown into a city around us, I hardly realize other people's lives, I'm afraid. Feeling no needs unsupplied myself, and grown into this quiet, comfortable routine, I don't know but I am unmindful and selfish. It seems a pity that such a young, skillful, talented man as Dr. Earl should be hindered from larger usefulness by lack of means."

"I think that must be his ring at the door-bell now," said Floy, as Annie's step was heard hastening to answer the summons. "He was coming to call for me to go up to the Home to see the Christmas-tree. They are going to darken the room and let the fun begin early. I wish you could go up there, grandmother, and see how much more of a strong, genial, self-asserting man Jem seems now that he is in a responsible, self-respecting position. He controls the children beautifully, and I do believe he is a born teacher. It is so good to see their love for him, and to see them around him at prayers, and

hear him lead them in their songs. His voice is very sweet and sympathetic, and he does so revel in his blackboards, and charts, and globes, and calisthenics, and he teaches them to be good with every breath, even when he doesn't mean to."

"Annie was telling me, too," said grandmother, "that Bessie Haskins is doing very well for a beginner at her father's trade, and helps the family considerably by going out by the day. I used to think her rather a selfish, rude girl, when she used to come here. Ah, doctor!" as the genial, handsome face and commanding figure of Dr. Earl entered the room.

Floy disappeared from the room to "put on her things," and came back prettier than she knew in her becoming walking-jacket and tasteful, though unpretending hat.

In the little chat that followed as they stood while Floy buttoned her glove, and as the doctor was about to take leave of grandmother, the gentle, sweet-looking old lady rose with a little excitement of manner, unusual with her, and after an indifferent remark or two, spoke with an abruptness so foreign to her usual dignified, old-school deliberation and gentleness, that Floy was quite nonplussed.

"Doctor," said the lady, with that certain indefinable something in her look and manner, which reluctantly, for want of a better term we are wont to term, in common parlance, "aristocratic," and an unusual color in the cheeks, which were usually but faintly rosy, like the inside of a sea-shell, and new, soft light in the face, framed in under the dainty cap by the soft gray curls, that Floy daily delighted to burnish into abundant prettiness. "Doctor, I'm an old woman. I want you to excuse an old woman's impertinence. You told us of Dr. Bassett's business offer to you. I shall not be here a great many years. I wish I might have your professional advice and attention while I stay. If money, or the want of it, is any barrier to your acceptance of Dr. Bassett's offer, let me supply you, doctor. Your professional attendance, and the knowledge that I am aiding you to help suffering humanity more largely by your skill, will be ample compensation."

Floy looked at her grandmother while she was thus speaking, and wondered if she had taken leave of her senses.

She was the same lovely-looking gentlewoman, only brighter rose color mantled her cheek, and her usual extreme placidity was ruffled, as when unruffled waters are suddenly moved from their serenity by the impetuous breeze that comes from none know where.

"You look wonderingly, Floy. This proposition is no wrong to you, my child beloved, although you are my heir. My investments have been most fortunate, and you need feel no alarm, though Dr. Bassett's figures ran up twice the amount our friend, the doctor, mentioned."

Floy trembled like a leaf, and looked apprehensively at the doctor. She thought her gentle grandmother's reason was departing.

"Maybe I should have been more frank and communicative with you, Florence. You look troubled, VOL. XLVI.—13.

dear; but you were leading such a useful, busy life, as joyous as a bird; and I have never seen a cloud upon your face all these last years, that I thought you were doing abundantly well with the income your mother left you, and benevolently giving to others in your teaching and artist work, keeping your talents bright through *use*. I have hated to bring new responsibilities of larger fortune upon you; and more, I have hated to change from the old style of living. The aged change with difficulty from old ways. So, when on my quarterly visits to my old friends, the Winthrops, Mr. Winthrop—he is my business man, you know, Floy—has told me that my stock was doubling and trebling, I have not felt like telling you, dear. Just possibly the knowledge that you were so rich I thought might, in its surprise, divert your mind a hair's-breadth in the blank you would feel, my darling, when I should be taken away from you. And, then, I did not know it, but I was selfish there again, for I thought that possibly the knowledge that you were so rich might draw admirers round you, and my sunshine might be taken from me before I was aware. But I'm going to make it over to you now. I want to see you holding it before I go, and using it to do good with better than I can, dear. You'll never leave me, will you, Floy, while I stay here in the body? You'll let me live right on in the old ways, and in the old house I came to, with my William, when I was first married, won't you, dear?"

Floy controlled her tears as quickly as she could, for her grandmother's sake—for sake of the loved one Floy had practiced self-control long years. It did not fail her now. The minutes of the next half-hour were not counted. Two more faithful, happier hearts than Floy's and Dr. Earl's the stars of that Christmas Eve did not look down upon. The girlish teacher and artist, and the young disciple of Esculapius, had, from year to year, while keeping their own counsel from all outside, seen their respective ways in life diverge farther and farther apart into thorny, tangled ways of self-sacrifice and arduous labor. Suddenly, in the broad, benign light of this Christmas Eve the deed of mercy to poor Jem's eyes, which Floy had solicited at the doctor's skillful hands, was seen to have been angel-beckoning that had brought the ministering benefactor, not only to the old garrisoned town, but to position and fortune. The gentle hand of age that Floy had so often caressed with her rose-leaf touch proved to be no cruel hand holding her to self-sacrifice and tasteless tasks, but the generous, loving hand of a bountiful benefactress crowning her with joy in the presence of her beloved, and opening to her sunny ways of broad beneficence. When, in the full joy of the spell-bound hour the secret of the two hearts that had long been one, manifested itself in sudden revelation to the grandmother's happy wondering eyes, her great love in its deep satisfaction knew no bounds.

"I shall not leave you alone, my little Floy, when the Bridegroom calls! Two children to bear me out in their arms of love towards the angel bands that will be in waiting. God is very good to me in this.

My little girl," and she looked fondly in Floy's eyes, "you have never given me anything but joy and sweetness out of the treasure of your rich, young life. May others give as large devotion to you as you have given to me!"

It was growing late when they left her to Annie's loving care, and to dreams, with prayers in them, for Floy. Also, to other dreams of rich, old laces and rare jewels, long laid away, and wedding-bells, that sometimes seemed her own and sometimes seemed Floy's, and the tall figure beside her, seeming at one time that of her William, of her bridal days, and again that of Stanley Earl.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS EVE festivities were at their height at the Home, and Floy and the doctor, in their new-found joy, made themselves happy children with the little ones. Jem, or "Uncle James," as the children called him, dressed as a Santa Claus, was the life of the occasion; and when the pleasant excitement was diverted into the channel of refreshments, Jem found himself the centre of a loving little group. Separated from them after brief chat, Mr. Ellery spoke to him as they stood together in the alcove, screened from view by the branches of the Christmas-tree.

"Jem, my boy, it is a joy to find how much good you are accomplishing here for us. You are just calculated to give the controlling bias to these young minds for all their future being."

"You wouldn't say that if you knew what a weak body I had been sometimes, since you knew me in the old time, Mr. Ellery. Just the lessons of God's love you used to drill into me; just clinging close to the One whose coming the children are celebrating here, to-night, kept me from making a ghost of myself," and Jem looked furtively around, to make sure no one overheard him. "I don't want you to think me any better than I am, now you are all trusting me with so much. I used to see, by the papers, what so many poor wretches did, and the idea used to possess me sometimes. My eyes were so bad, and an awful darkness used to seem shutting close down around me, and the times were so hard. But, Mr. Ellery, that young woman was the messenger the Lord sent to save me," and Jem glanced to that part of the large vine-wreathed school-room, where Florence Ivison stood beside Dr. Earl.

"She lifted my mind into another world, and now it seems so wonderful that the ladies, and directors, and you should come and thank me for taking interest in your work here. Why, it's nothing but solid comfort to do it! And that good woman, Annie Robinson, says I've made an independent woman of her, by putting her in the way of practicing my old trade. Even Dr. Earl told me, to-night, that my eyes, the worst part of me, my poor eyes he came here to try to cure, to please Miss Florence, had cast light on all his future pathway and changed his prospects in life. He must have made a great medical dis-

covery in treating them! But what strikes me, Mr. Ellery, is, that everybody, no matter how unimportant, seems to work into the great plan. It seems as though everybody had better just stick to their place, and trust the Lord, and work on as well as they can. Even one little screw may make a great deal of difference, take it in the whole machinery. I never did a good thing, or a smart thing, in my life, but I kept on trying to do the best I could, and letting the Lord hold me in my place; and now, here I am in all this comfort, and my daughter a helper, and all these people thanking me."

Just here, Mr. Ellery seeing Jem's deep feeling, advanced to our approaching friends, and Jem, struggling for composure, dropped his face momentarily in his hands, and said: "O Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that I am not a ghost!" MARY E. COMSTOCK.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

FROM a deep wound in the mountain,
From a dark rift in its side,
Laughed and leaped a happy fountain,
Tossing high its crystal tide.

At its birth-place, cloudy curtained,
Lingered it in happy play;
Gaily as an infant prattled,
Tossing beads of diamond spray;

'Till one day there dawned upon it,
As upon a human soul,
Vague desire for larger living,
Earnest of a greater goal.

Never more an idle dreamer,
But with busy silver feet
Hastes it thro' the mountain gorges,
Thro' its valleys calm and sweet.

Heights and hollows grow the fairer
For the brooklet's cooling spray,
And a world of wondrous beauty
Opens all along its way.

Rippling grasses, long and waving,
Backward from its margin flow,
As the tresses of a maiden
Parted fall from brow of snow.

Forests, with their swaying branches,
Mirrored in its surface lie,
With the beauty of the wild-flower,
And the glory of the sky.

At the mill the brooklet pauses,
Lifting, with its shoulder strong,
All the great wheels into motion,
Light'ning labor with its song.

In its heart it beareth ever,
From its birth-place, wild and high,
Music full of rippling laughter,
Soft as infants' lullaby.

MARY EARLE HARDY.

THE WORD OF A WOMAN;
AND THE WAY SHE KEPT IT.*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE days had passed since Alvin Darrow's return from Grayledge. In the warm twilight of the early summer evening the uncle and nephew sat together in the library of the old, stately house on Gramercy Park. Everything about the two bore witness to the elegant tastes, the expensive habits of Alvin Darrow. Here, on every side, were gathered the evidences of that love of beauty and luxury, which seemed a necessity to the owner, which had become a part of his life, and for which, in the end, he had paid the heavy price of his honor.

The library opened on a conservatory, and through the half-drawn sliding-doors floated a soft, delicious fragrance. That dreamy, flower-scented atmosphere seemed a fitting one for the place where the two sat together in the golden twilight—where the sounds of the great city outside came with a faint, muffled hum that made no discord.

In this library all the quaint fancies and æsthetic instincts of Alvin Darrow had had full play. The room was in itself a kind of epitome of the history of all ages, of all lands. Here were gathered rare antiques, bronzes and marbles, and blazing gems, each with a history or association more fascinating than itself. Here were rare illuminated missals, over which pious monks had poured out their souls in years of devout toil; here was rare pottery of all schools, from the old baked clays of Egypt to the precious porcelains of medieval times; and here were fragile, beautiful specimens of modern art, each cup, or pot, or vase with its pure form or perfect picture, having a story or legend of its own. It was a place that would have delighted the eyes of an antiquary or a lover of art. This library was Alvin Darrow's favorite resort. He liked to sit here among his handsome, carefully-filled book-cases and his costly bric-a-brac. Here were the best evidences of a taste and culture which no one could dispute. Everything, too, had its fitting background, and was in harmony with the rest. Each curiously-fashioned bracket, between the book-cases, held, it is true, something fine and rare; but there was nothing in the whole to suggest a museum of curiosities, or a vulgar love of display. In the pleasant June evening, however, Alvin Darrow sat among his treasures without a thought of them. If he had glanced over all that beauty he would only have remembered with a pang the terrible price he had paid for it.

Royl had returned on the evening of the day that his uncle left Grayledge. Of that visit the young man thus far remained in entire ignorance. Indeed, the name of Genevieve Weir had never been spoken between the two men since that night at the Delavan House. The memory of the curse which his uncle

had hurled at that dear name when he heard it for the first time, had often risen up to Royl, and always stung his heart like the cruel lash of a whip. He had done his best to forget; he had made every excuse for his uncle; he had told himself that it argued a small, ungenerous nature to remember a word which had escaped, in the excitement of the moment, and under the pressure of a mighty disappointment; he went over all the instances which the last year had afforded of his uncle's morbid, nervous condition. But, pity and excuse as he might, the words had left a wound, and Royl's lips had been sealed on the subject dearest to him in the world. He was young, however, and his nature was brave and hopeful; he believed that his uncle's bitterest prejudices would be vanquished when he once came to behold Genevieve Weir; believed that the fascination of her presence, the charm and grace of her character must exert their spell over him also. He knew so thoroughly the tastes and likings of the fastidious old man. Would not Genevieve Weir prove herself a woman after Alvin Darrow's own heart.

Since Royl's return the conversation between the two men had been mostly of matters connected with the younger's late trip; but his uncle knew that the time was not far off when another subject must be broached. Royl was not silent, because his heart or his purpose had changed. Ever since that evening talk at Albany, Alvin Darrow had relinquished all hope of moving his nephew in the one matter where his heart and his honor were so deeply engaged. But the older man was equally sure that the younger would have no disguises from him; he would speak openly, he would act bravely when the time came.

Thus far Alvin Darrow had succeeded in warding off the fatal moment. Whenever he fancied Royl on the point of speaking, he had started some fresh questions, or some new topic. But this would not go on forever. When the time should come, Royl's uncle was prepared to act his part.

At last there was a pause in the conversation. The elder man might have broken the silence again, for his instinct warned him what was coming. But it would only be postponing his fate; he would not longer seek to avert it.

Royl sat at a little distance from his uncle, separated from him by a small table of Mexican-onyx, veined with all rare colors of the rainbow. The evening was so warm, that, after dinner, both the gentlemen had donned their summer dressing-gowns. The young man, lost in thought, nervously fingered the silken tassels at his waist. His uncle watched him silently. Royl turned of a sudden and looked the other in the eyes.

"To-morrow, Uncle Alvin," he said, steadily, quietly, "I intend to go to Grayledge, to see Genevieve Weir!"

"I expected as much, Royl," answered his uncle, in an unruffled voice. "I have only been waiting to have you broach this subject, to tell you some news—news which, I doubt not, will be a great surprise to you."

* Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1878, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Then let me have it at once," replied Royl, and the eager, impatient tone made his uncle think of the boy that used to be.

"I have been to Grayledge—I have seen Genevieve Weir!"

Royl was on his feet in a flash. "You have been to Grayledge—you have seen Genevieve Weir!" he repeated, going over the words in a kind of dazed way, as though he were not sure he had heard aright. "Is that what you said, Uncle Al?"

"That is what I said, Royl. I thought it would be a surprise to you."

"I never had so stupendous a one in my life. I more than half suspect I am dreaming."

"No, my boy, you are wide-awake," answered his uncle, with a kindly smile.

"But what—what in the name of all the gods—made you go to Grayledge?" persisted the young man.

"The explanation is the simplest imaginable," replied his uncle, in the tranquil voice with which he had all along spoken, and which was such a contrast to the other's eagerness. "I feared lest, in our talk at Albany, I had, under my keen disappointment, been hasty and unjust. I was sorry for it. I was ready to make atonement, but I wanted to see first, with my own eyes, how far I had been wrong. Was there anything singular in that, Royl?"

"I think not, with such a man as you are, Uncle Alvin. But go on, please."

"After turning the thing over a great many times in my own mind, I suddenly resolved to satisfy myself in the only certain way. I wanted the matter settled, too, before your return. Last Wednesday afternoon I took the cars to Grayledge. The next morning I saw Genevieve Weir. Indeed, we spent most of the day together."

"Tell me everything about it, Uncle Al!" cried Royl, with a very passion of eagerness. He had not resumed his seat. He still stood, straight as a young cedar, in the very spot where he had first sprung to his feet.

Then his uncle related his first meeting with Genevieve Weir that May morning on the meadow-road that led to the sea. He painted it all to the life—his surprise at the lovely vision; his surmises, that ended at last in a conviction which forced him to speak. He related what followed afterwards. He told how they two had gone down to the sands, and climbed the rocks, and sat there for hours; and he repeated much of the conversation which passed in that long interview; and some of the speeches were so characteristic that Royl would have known them anywhere for Genevieve Weir's.

The young fellow, breathless, motionless almost as the stone antiques around him, had drunk in every word. What a life there was in his face—what a fire there was in his eyes! It hurt his uncle to see that, and to think of what was coming.

At last the man paused. The talk had been easy enough thus far, but he must choose his words carefully now, though he had rehearsed the part to himself often enough in the last three days.

Royl drew a long breath at last. Through all his eagerness and pleasure, he was conscious of some vague unsatisfaction. He was greatly touched at this fresh instance of his uncle's generosity. Only a rare, noble nature, he thought, could so easily have laid aside its prejudices, and gone down to Grayledge, ready to make every satisfaction for its injustice. And the lover had every reason to be satisfied with the praise of his beloved.

Alvin Darrow did full justice to the beauty of Genevieve Weir, to the charm of her manner, to the grace of her speech and presence.

"These were indescribable," he averred. "You could no more put them in words than you could the breath of the violet, the perfume of the rose."

All this sounded very sweetly in the ears of Royl Darrow; yet he had a subtle sense that something was wanting—something honest and hearty was lacking in all this praise. Was it in his uncle's tones or words? A stranger, listening to the talk, would have missed nothing; but Royl knew the speaker better than another could, and a vague, subtle sense of disappointment was precisely what Alvin Darrow sought to effect in the mind of his nephew.

A stranger, even, must have noticed something significant in the man's pause—something anxious and sad in the look with which he now regarded Royl.

The two men gazed at each other a few moments in silence. It was Royl who spoke first.

"Uncle Alvin, there is something more to tell me?"

"Yes, my boy, there is something more. Would God I were at the end already!" And the pain in the man's voice was real enough. And Alvin Darrow had never in all his life breathed a more heart-felt prayer.

"What do you mean, Uncle Alvin?" asked Royl, and the elder man saw by the waning light that the younger's face grew pale.

"I must tell you in as few words as possible, Royl. When one has a terrible pain to inflict, and there is no help for it, it had better be done swiftly and sharply. Before that interview was over, Genevieve Weir had laid bare her heart and soul to me, had begged—yes, solemnly commanded—me to interpose between you both, to execute the commission with which she charged me. I would rather have cut off my right hand than do it, Royl Darrow!" and again the speaker thought that speech, at least, was no lie.

"What commission?" asked Royl, and it seemed to him that a dreadful chill struck all through his young, warm blood.

Alvin Darrow did not answer for a moment; then, not speaking a word, he rose up, went to a small cabinet of fine inlaid woods, unlocked the door, took from it a package with a letter on the top, addressed to Royl, in a woman's handwriting, and carried it to his nephew.

"Genevieve Weir placed this in my hands," he said. "She made me promise to give it to you, and here I keep my word. Better I than another should

do this thing. You will have a terrible blow, my poor boy, but you are not the stuff to be crushed under it; and sometime—little as you may believe it now—you will conquer your pain, and your future will lie with the fair hope and promise of young manhood before you. It is not in the power of any woman to wreck a nature like yours."

And again Royl gasped: "What do you mean, Uncle Alvin?" and his eyes shone wild and strained in the gathering darkness.

"That package will tell you, Royl. Ask me nothing more just now. Take that up to your own room, and read it by yourself. You will want to be alone for awhile. When you are ready, come back to me, and I will answer, as far as I can, any questions you may choose to ask."

That was all. Without another word, Royl seized the package and went up to his chamber.

Left to himself, the elder man sat a long time without stirring. A look of extreme misery darkened his face. His soul recoiled at the thing he had just done—at the worse thing he had yet to do. His heart ached for the youth who had gone from him, and who must now be half-stunned under the awful blow which had fallen on his heart, and shattered the dearest hopes of his life.

At last the man roused himself, lighted his study-lamp and attempted to read the paper, seeking by any means to get rid of his miserable thoughts. But they pursued and lashed him.

He finally rose, with a half-suppressed groan, and paced up and down the library. Sometimes Genevieve Weir's face came up to him, fair and radiant, as he had met it that first morning going down to the sea—sometimes white and hopeless as he had left it that last morning under the pines. That heart-broken cry rung again in his ears. He knew that it would follow him, and ring like a curse through his soul as long as he lived. Then he told himself that he was doing the best thing for Royl—the only thing that would save him. If it were not for that, he would give up the struggle, and let in the furies upon his life.

Whether this was really true or not, the man made himself believe it, else, perhaps, he would not have acted to the bitter end the miserable rôle which he had laid out for himself that night.

All the time he was pacing up and down the room, he was listening intently for the sound of footsteps on the staircase. Royl must wait for awhile to regain his self-command after the terrible blow he would receive on opening that packet; but he would come to him before the evening was over—his uncle was sure of that. He must make sure, too, that his mind was clear, and his nerves braced to meet his nephew.

At last he heard the swift approaching footsteps; the door opened, and Royl came into the room; he looked like one who has been stunned, and just awaked to consciousness; his face had a gray pallor. It was not quite two hours since he had left the library, yet he seemed to have grown years older.

Royl Darrow came straight to his uncle. He

stood still before him; his eyes burned like flame in his pale face.

"Uncle Alvin," he said, in a voice not loud, but it rang with a stern command which made it sound strange in the ears so familiar with it, "do you know what is in this letter?" and he held it towards the man.

"Every word of it, Royl. Genevieve Weir placed it in my hands, and asked me to read it before I left her."

Strange as it may seem, Alvin Darrow actually felt a secret thrill of gladness that Royl's first question was one which he could answer without a lie.

"She told you her reasons for writing it?"

"Yes."

"What were they?"

"Sit down, Royl, and let us talk this matter over like men. It hurts me to see you standing there with the hard, stern face that I do not know."

Royl yielded and sat down, but it was like one who moves unconscious of what he does; and he only said, still gazing with his bright, stern eyes at his uncle: "I must have the whole truth, Uncle Alvin."

The older man laid his hand on his nephew's knee. The words clung a moment in his dry throat, just as they had clung that day when he tried to speak to Genevieve under the pines.

"Miss Weir told me she had given her word—sworn her oath, to another man, that she would never be your wife."

"O my God," cried Royl Darrow, "help me!" and he covered his face with his hands a moment.

But that cry was all the sign of weakness that he gave. In a moment he had lifted his head again, and looked with those bright, stern eyes at his uncle.

"What right had this man to ask such an oath of Genevieve Weir?" demanded Royl Darrow.

"A better right than you have to ask anything of her, Royl," replied his uncle.

"The right of a lover, you must mean?"

Alvin Darrow did not answer, and Royl was answered.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT which Taine has so beautifully said of John Milton was true also of Royl Darrow—"He was born with an instinct for noble things." He had had a blow which had struck to the very roots of his life—which had, for the time, shaken his faith in woman, in man, almost in himself. The blow would have wrecked a weaker nature. Indeed, the month that followed was a dangerous time for Royl—more dangerous, perhaps, because, after that awful night, pride and anguish had sealed his lips, and neither he nor his uncle alluded to Genevieve Weir.

It is true, the talk at that time had been prolonged until after midnight. Alvin Darrow had then solemnly professed to tell all that he knew. But although he had never, when it was possible, departed from the letter of the truth, yet he had not the less,

in Royle's eyes, branded Genevieve with falsehood and perfidy.

On the miserable story which the elder man related to his nephew that night, we will not linger. It is enough to say here that Alvin Darrow did his work perfectly, that his explanation accounted fully and plausibly for the dark mystery of Genevieve's letter, and wrought the conviction in Royle's mind that the woman who had promised to be his wife had, all along, been deliberately playing her double game with himself and another man. His uncle, it must be admitted, did not make her conduct appear a shade darker, or more heartless, than he judged necessary for his own security.

But none the less he made his half-stunned nephew believe that another than himself had the first claim on Genevieve's heart, had first received her troth-plight, and that in the end the first affection, however it might have wavered for awhile, had asserted its supremacy, and that, on his visit to Grayledge, Genevieve awakened to her real position; and, filled with remorse at the part she had acted—had opened her heart to Royle's uncle, and besought him to aid her. Even then, the speaker affirmed, he should have hesitated to take on himself the part she assigned him; but her words and manner convinced him beyond a doubt that her only happiness lay in keeping her oath to another man than Royle Darrow. All that was mysterious and inexplicable in her letter, she had solemnly entreated Royle's uncle to make clear to his nephew.

It is natural to wonder what, while he was talking, must have been Alvin Darrow's feelings toward the innocent, defenseless girl he was so cruelly traducing. I suspect he hardly thought of her at all. Does the soldier, in the midst of the fiery onslaught, pause to think of the enemy he rushes to slay?

Alvin Darrow had more at stake in that hour than the soldier on the battle-field! If the sin of this man was great, great also was his temptation. God only knows what you or I in his straits might have done!

When he saw that Royle received his story without a question—that he had wrought just the scorn and horror in that high-souled youth which he intended, then Alvin Darrow did try to palliate what seemed the darkest features of Genevieve's conduct. He represented her launched suddenly into the life of her gay city relatives, and flushed with excitement and pleasure at the new world which had opened its golden gates on her. Such a sudden change from all previous surroundings and habits must have tried the temper of any soul. The young girl had learned in an instant, as it were, the power of her beauty, the singular gifts to charm and fascinate, with which nature had certainly endowed her. What woman's head would not have been a little turned by all the sweet flatteries and graceful attentions suddenly showered on her? There was no doubt she had immensely admired Royle, though in the end the heart of the woman had swayed back to its first attraction.

This plea for Genevieve, after all that had preceded it, was a poor sop to the man's outraged con-

science. He knew such a palliation of her conduct would not weigh a feather with Royle. It did not lighten, by a shade, the central fact of her baseness toward himself. Indeed, Royle had not deigned the least reply to that part of his uncle's talk. His own share in the conversation that night had been mostly confined to rapid, incisive questions. Almost the only sign which he gave of his suffering—so far as speech went—was his last words, as he rose, a little after midnight, to go to his room: "I have had a terrible blow, Uncle Alvin—a terrible blow!" The words seemed to break out almost involuntarily from his soul. There was a sound in them that made the man think of that other cry he had heard under the pines.

After this Royle bore his pain manfully, silently; but it was not less clear to his uncle that the young man was going through with a terrible struggle. He did his best to fight off the sense of loss and loneliness which clung to him. But it was dreary work. Society and amusements, driving and reading—all his old pleasures and tastes alike palled on him. Life had lost its charm and its savor for Royle Darrow, and had become something ineffably stale, flat and unprofitable. He felt as though he had passed suddenly from his proud, soaring young manhood into a spiritless old age. Not a soul but his uncle suspected all this. Wounded in his dearest affections, his ideals shattered, his pride stung to the quick, Royle Darrow would yet have died before he made any sign. He carried himself with careless gayety these days; his wit never had a keener edge, his mirth a brighter sparkle—no ear but his uncle's caught the hollow, mocking ring through all the merriment.

All this time the man was watching his nephew narrowly, feeling, like an anxious physician, the pulse of each of Royle's moods. He had immense faith in his nephew; he did not doubt that brave spirit would rally in a little while from the shock it had undergone. Yet Alvin Darrow, man of the world as he was, could not disguise from himself that this was a dangerous crisis for Royle; that many a gallant youth in just such a wreck of his love and his hopes had succumbed to the first devil of temptation that rose in his path—whether it came in the fair guise of some Messalina, in the glow of the wine-cup or the fascination of the gambling-saloon—anything in which he could drown, for a time, his memories and his grief! But, though Alvin Darrow was little troubled by fears lest his nephew's

"Honorable mettle could be wrought
From that it was disposed,"

the game the elder man was playing had taken a turn which he had not expected. Everything, as we have seen, hinged on Royle's marriage with the daughter and heiress of his uncle's old friend. That union alone could save Alvin Darrow. So long as it remained unaccomplished, he felt the ground might slip any moment beneath his feet. But that consummation, so devoutly wished for, and for which he had sacrificed Genevieve Weir, seemed to Royle's uncle as

far off as ever. He had counted on a sudden revulsion in the young man's feelings, when he should be convinced that Genevieve had played him false, and he fancied that Royl could easily be brought, in his first disappointment and wrath, to turn for solace and amusement toward Ashley Brier—the girl he had known longest and liked best among his city acquaintances.

But, in this instance, Royl had disappointed his uncle. The falseness of one woman seemed to have given him a distaste for the society of all her sex. The elder Darrow had always been on the watch for a chance to bring up Ashley's name in the talk, or to suggest some fitting attention which Royl might pay his charming young friend. But these hints met with no response. Royl always found some good excuse for delaying a visit to the Briers; and his uncle, with his fate trembling in the balance, dared not urge the matter, lest his eagerness should defeat its own object.

The truth was, even Alvin Darrow, though his perceptions were sharpened alike by self-interest and affection, only dimly suspected the depth of the wound which Royl had received. All the young man's high instincts recoiled with horror at the part Genevieve had acted. She had listened to his proposals; she had accepted his hand, knowing all the while that she was pledged to another! Her whole behavior argued an incredible baseness in Royl Darrow's eyes—a falseness and treachery past comprehension. Yet how fair and truthful she was in seeming! An angel from Paradise might have been beguiled by the divine loveliness of that face. How could one so young, so apparently ingenuous, have been such an arch deceiver, such a consummate actress? A thousand times Royl asked himself these questions—a thousand times they baffled him.

All this time, too, the poor fellow was at war with himself. Sometimes his wrath against Genevieve burned fiercely in his soul; sometimes his rage went down in a dreadful self-scorn and loathing at the poor dupe she had made of him. For this girl had not only torn his heart and shattered his ideals, she had shaken his faith in his own intuitions of truth and nobleness—how could he ever trust these again, when they had once so miserably deceived him?

He had not loved lightly, but with all the strength of his young manhood, with all the reverence and ideality of his nature; and in a way he never could love again. To tear Genevieve Weir out of his soul, was like tearing away a part of himself. Yet it had to be done. For the real Genevieve Weir, as she had proved herself, Royl Darrow had now only supreme scorn and horror—not that he would have lifted his hand to take the finest revenge. He was quite willing she should enjoy to the uttermost her triumph in ensnaring him. He never felt even a desire to reproach her. He had sent back her letters—those dear letters that had made his joy for months—without a word or sign. No condemnation is so severe as that of a generous, ideal nature, when it finds itself wronged and cheated. With his lofty standards, and his unsoiled youth, Royl was apt to be a little hard

in his judgments of others. At fifty his charity would be something broader and riper than it was at twenty-five.

Yet the old memory died hard! Genevieve Weir—the false enchantress—Royl cast out of his heart; but to that other Genevieve Weir of his love and imagination his heart still clung—for her it still ached and hungered.

At the end of a month Royl Darrow and his uncle sat again in the library. The days were drawing near the mid-summer, and the evening was sultry. Royl, sitting near the open doors of the conservatory, glanced through them, and saw the young moon shining among the branches of the white-flowering orange-trees. The sight brought suddenly back to him that moonlight drive in the Park with Genevieve Weir. He moved suddenly, and a shadow fell upon his face; his uncle caught the expression, and at once guessed the cause. He had resolved that day that he would hazard another move in the game he was playing.

"You look tired and heated, Royl," he said. "You ought to be stretching your limbs at the mountains, or by the sea. The city is no place for you at this season."

"I might, with a good grace, retort the same thing on you, uncle," answered Royl, with assumed lightness of tone.

"Ah, we old fellows don't require as long a summering as you young ones. Our bones are stiffened to the tread-mill of work and life. But, at your age, you ought to be off on a lark with some brave, young fellows, or with a company of pretty girls. That reminds me that I saw Brier to-day, and he says Ashley starts next week for the mountains. She goes with a party of old school-friends and their brothers, I believe."

"I heartily hope the young lady will enjoy herself," replied Royl, in a listless tone.

"I have no doubt," continued the elder man, "you could make sure of her doing that, by joining the party this summer. Her father hinted he would like to have you do so."

"He was very kind," answered Royl, laconically.

"Ah, Royl, if you only knew it, you are

'On fortune's cap the very button!'"

The uncle watched his nephew keenly, as he said these words. It was the boldest move Alvin Darrow had made of late in the direction of Ashley Brier. There was no mistaking his uncle's meaning, even if Royl had not the memory of one conversation to flash light on it.

"If you will quote Hamlet to me," he said, after a little pause, "I shall reply in the poor fellow's own words,

'Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither!'"

"I had hoped, Royl," said his uncle, dashing desperately in, "that by this time you would have mastered that unfortunate attachment. Must I feel that it is to overshadow your life?"

Royl turned and faced the elder. "I've tried to make a good fight," he said.

"I know you have; I have seen that all the time, Royl," answered his uncle.

"But to stand before one's own soul accused, convicted!" burst out Royl, with a very passion of bitterness. "To know one's self for an abject dupe, an asinine fool! The gods themselves cannot restore a man's lost self-respect. Why, sir, I ought to go about in cap and bells!" and he laughed a hard, cynical laugh.

"Royl!"

"What more fitting livery for the man whose best instincts utterly failed him, who took falsehood for truth, hypocrisy for honesty, the most consummate art for the most transparent innocence? Why, a mouthing idiot would have seen farther!"

"No, Royl, eternally no!" said his uncle, authoritatively. "That which you count your weakness and shame was your highest honor. It is the young, the noble, the souls alive with enthusiasms and ideals who are oftenest deceived."

"You are very kind to say that, Uncle Alvin. If any words could heal the wound in a man's self-respect, yours would do it."

"Is it Royl Darrow," asked his uncle, sadly and reproachfully, "who speaks to me in that hopeless tone?"

The young man roused himself at those words. The old fire flashed in his eyes, the lips settled into a line of resolute firmness.

"I shall get out of this slough. I shall yet stand on solid ground," he said. "But I have been down to the very mouth of Hades. I tell you, Uncle Alvin, that I have learned in these last weeks, as I never dreamed before, how a man can go straight to the devil—take his own life—turn to drink—drown his memories and his madness in any swift, desperate way. I know how a man feels when the house of his life lies in ruins about him."

As Alvin Darrow heard these words, witnessed the passion of anguish with which they were spoken, a new terror smote the man's soul. "What if his crime," he asked himself, "should recoil on Royl's head and crush him? What if that brave young soul should be wrecked, driven to ruin, by his sin?"

As he thought of that, Alvin Darrow spoke in a voice sharp with alarm and grief: "I am getting to be an old man, Royl. You are all I have in the world to lean on, to live for. Do not fail me. Do not let this curse come upon me—to know that the loss of a woman has driven you to ruin."

This appeal went to Royl's soul; roused whatever was bravest and tenderest there.

"Uncle Alvin," he said, in a voice of remorseful gentleness, "you need not fear for me. I will not go under—so help me God—in this heavy sea. I spoke out of the pain and bitterness of a mood that sometimes overcomes me. Forgive me! I shall never talk like that again."

This talk, and that which followed, proved in the end a relief to Royl. The moon, shining through

the orange-branches, had brought up all the old flocking memories and associations in his soul, and surprised him unaware into speech. It was an easy matter to pass to talk of Genevieve Weir. He could not have told afterward how it came about, or who first mentioned her name, but in this mood of unusual confidence he told his uncle something of all he had believed her—something of all she had been to him; and he did not suspect that Alvin Darrow writhed inwardly as he listened, and said to himself:

"Oh, how sharp a lash

That speech doth give my conscience!"

But Royl did not speak of Genevieve again with wrath or scorn. His very silence, however, was significant of a condemnation that went deeper than any words. Alvin Darrow learned to-night, for the first time, how Royl had returned Genevieve's letters. That wordless, signless way was the one which best served his purposes. He would have trembled lest a letter of wrath and reproach should goad Genevieve past endurance, and force her to justify herself by breaking the silence on which his life hung.

After his nephew had left him, the elder man went over with their talk that night. He felt that, on the whole, it boded well for his plans. It is true he had not once again alluded to Ashley Brier. But he believed that this talk must have a wholesome effect on Royl; and he fancied that the young fellow had bidden him good-night with more of his old tone and manner than he had done for a month. He by no means gave up the hope of inducing his nephew to join Ashley Brier at the mountains before the summer was over. It is true that Royl had parried the first suggestion in a way that was not encouraging; but his uncle resolved to return to the charge in the course of a few days.

Then he thought of Genevieve Weir, and remembered, with sudden remorse, how he had blackened her in the eyes of Royl Darrow. But he tried to excuse himself. A man does not like to say to his own soul, "You are a scoundrel!" He told himself that Royl's opinion of Genevieve Weir could be of no consequence to her now. Had she not given him permission to account for her letter in the way he judged would be most likely to accomplish his purpose? Had she not given her word that she would never be Royl's wife? And in the end, what did it signify that the man who had received this promise was not, as Royl believed, the former lover to whom she had either confessed her weakness or triumphantly imparted her conquest?

With such poor sophistries, this clear-headed, keen-witted man tried to cheat his conscience.

As he paced his library that night, the owner made up his mind to pay a visit before the week was out to an old business friend who lived a few miles up the Hudson. He should be gone but a day and a night at most; and he fancied, now Royl was getting back to his old self, he might venture to leave him. In his nephew's deepest trouble, the uncle had believed that his society and presence afforded some solace

to the young man; and, on that account, he had delayed the visit for a month, though various motives—business and social—made the brief trip important at this time.

After settling this matter in his own mind, Alvin Darrow flung himself into his lounging-chair. The power of all those treasures of beauty and art gazed with weary eyes around him. The ancient wines in his cellars, the world of lovely bloom in his conservatories, the rare pictures on his walls, could not lighten the shadows on his soul. He ran his fingers through his hair. "But, God knows, this is hard!" he sighed to himself. "How long—how long must this sword of Damocles hang over my head?"

Perhaps the talk had done Royl Darrow good—perhaps it was the reaction from the long strain of heart and nerve, but he carried to his room a lighter, braver heart than he had known for a month. That night, too, he dreamed of Genevieve Weir. They seemed to be standing in some wide, green, lonely space together. Everything was unfamiliar to the dreamer but the lovely face that shone before him. Genevieve gazed at him a few moments without speaking. The beautiful eyes shone clear and triumphant out of the sad, solemn face. At last she spoke. "Royl," she said, "I have kept my word—I have not broken the promise I made you when we parted! However appearances may be against me now, you will know the truth some day—know that Genevieve Weir never failed you!"

Her voice thrilled through him. The very ring was in it which he had heard that day in the library. When she had spoken she floated away, but the clear, truthful shining was in her eyes to the last. Royl stretched out his arms; he called after her in vain. Then he awoke and found it was all a dream!

But it would not leave him. It haunted him through all the next day; and, although he had little faith in dreams, and none in this one, it yet worked its own magic with his heart; it softened his thought of Genevieve; it brought back to him the girl he had known in all the charm and loveliness that had first fascinated him.

For the first time, too, Royl felt some curiosity regarding the man Genevieve was to marry. He thought of her lonely position—no strong arm of father, brother or friend for her youth to lean on. Shamefully as she had treated him, cruelly as she had betrayed him, Royl could not forget that she had been the woman of his love, and he would have been ready and glad to serve her at any cost or pains to himself.

But he have signally failed in making you comprehend this man, if you imagine, for a moment, that he had the faintest wish to assume his old relations toward Genevieve. He would have spurned the thought as an insult to his manhood. He would have died by axe or rope sooner than wed a woman who had proven what Genevieve Weir had. But none the less, as I have said, she had been the woman of his love, and that was reason enough why he would be ready all his life, with heart and hand, to serve her. "She was evidently at a crisis in her life, now,"

he said to himself. "She might still, in her youth and loveliness, need some aid or counsel from the man she had renounced."

Royl's uncle had declared his intention of spending a day and a night on the Hudson. When he learned that, the young man suddenly made up his mind. "I will keep my own counsel," he said to himself; "I will go down to Grayledge—I will see Genevieve Weir!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN the summer gloaming Genevieve Weir came out on the cottage piazza. It was a little bowery place, half-shut in at mid-summer by climbing vines of golden honeysuckle and flowering clematis. All the air about was sweet with the breath of flowers, with the blossoming geraniums and scarlet verbenas, that made the front-yard, at that season, such a lovely little world of color and bloom.

The evening was very warm. Genevieve's cool, white dress gleamed pure against the deep green that surrounded her. Her face, too, had grown thinner and paler in these last weeks. The eyes were bright as ever, the lips kept their perfect red, yet something had gone from both—something that had glanced and sparkled there a month before. Yet she had been a brave woman all this time. Alvin Darrow had left her under the pines, half-crushed in soul and body, by her misery; but, before noon she had rallied, she had dragged herself out of the wood into the sunshine, and gone home. She had determined to face the life before her without word or sign, and thus far she had kept her resolve. She had, after that first day, given herself few leisure for rest or reflection. Frail girl, as she was, fighting her hard battle with fate, she would not surrender one inch of her ground. She exacted of herself remorselessly every task of old days. There was not in her the rôle of a love-lorn, disconsolate maiden. She never could have watched, like Marianna, through long, silent days, at the windows of the moated grange. She would not droop and yield until life itself failed her. But what she suffered, with the burden of her dreadful secret, with the loss and the pain, only God knew! The suffering told on her, too. She could not hide the fading bloom, the sharpening lines from eyes that loved her. The whole household felt the change. It cost Aunt Esther many a sleepless night. Genevieve went no more about the house with glancing song and gay laugh, like birds that sing in green coverts. There was often a strained, feverish energy in what she said and did, like one who tasks himself beyond his strength, and the sweet face grew grave, almost stern.

The children even noticed the change. "What ails you, Genevieve?" Rob would ask, in his blunt, boyish fashion. "You don't seem half so nice as you did when you first came from New York, and told us grand stories and sang those funny songs. One would think it was Sunday all the time!"

"I know it, Rob," Gracie would pipe up, in her

aggrieved soprano. "Only last night I asked her to tell me a real story—one that would make me laugh—and it was all so poky I went to sleep."

Aunt Esther had her thoughts, too; but, wiser than the young people, she kept them to herself.

The heart of Genevieve was unutterably sad as she sat in the soft gloaming. A few stars shone in the sky. It would soon be all alive and glad with them.

Genevieve heard the gate-latch click suddenly. Then a tall figure came up the walk. The girl caught sight of it between the fluttering vine-leaves, and sprang breathless to her feet. The stranger saw the gleam of the white dress. He knew the graceful turn of the head.

The next moment he had mounted the low steps of the piazza. Tall and stately as a young Viking, he stood before her in the summer gloaming.

Out of her white, strained face, her bright, wild eyes stared at him as though a ghost had come from the dead.

"O Royl Darrow!" she cried; "why have you come?"

Her voice was full of passionate grief and terror. It smote to his heart. She had suffered, then, he thought. There could be no acting in that first involuntary cry. The white, scared face which stood before him was not assumed.

"I have come, Genevieve Weir," answered Royl Darrow, proudly and solemnly, "not to reproach you—not even to talk over the past. I shall stay but a few moments; I shall trouble you with but few words. Let us understand each other at once. I have accepted your decision. I do not even desire now that you should alter it."

While he was talking, she stood still, as though his speech had turned her to stone. But her heart within her was like fire. At the sound of the well-known voice, her soul drew mightily towards this man. Every nerve shivered with terror lest she could no longer keep back the dreadful secret; lest the old man's sin, and Royl's disgrace, and her own mad weakness, should break from her the next instant.

"Oh, why did you come, Royl Darrow!" she cried again; and the voice that broke from those white lips was full of reproach, and misery, and fear.

Again it smote Royl's heart. The sight of the fair, troubled face was working its old enchantment on his soul. His heart would be heard, and it cried out for this girl who had scorned and betrayed him; and in his misery and his wrath at his own weakness, he set his jaws sternly together, though he spoke very gently to her. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to speak otherwise to her now, though she was wringing his heart.

"I came only to tell you, Genevieve, that for the sake of our past, for all you have been to me, I am ready to serve you as a friend would, as a brother might. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is nothing," she said, and she shook her head very sadly. She could not even trust herself to any longer speech.

"And this man, of whom my uncle told me—you mean to keep your promise to him?"

"Yes; I will keep it," she answered, and her low voice was resolute, and she looked him in the eyes steadfastly.

In the bewilderment and anguish of the moment, she thought only of Alvin Darrow, and did not penetrate to Royl's true meaning.

"And, Genevieve—believe me, I do not ask for myself—will you be happiest in so keeping your promise?"

And then, because she was so torn with anguish, because she trembled for herself, she answered with desperate calmness: "Yes; I told you that in my letter, Royl Darrow—I repeat it now—I shall only be happy in keeping my promise."

There was no more to be said. His presence, he saw, only tortured her, and the interview was too painful for even Royl to prolong it. He had never so distrusted his own will, never so feared his own weakness, as he did at that moment. He spoke now for the last time, calmly and sadly: "If I can ever serve you, Genevieve Weir, I shall be glad to do it—glad as long as I live. Be sure of that. Good-bye."

He lifted his hat; he did not even give her his hand; he feared, if once he clasped those fingers, his own would madly clutch and retain the small white thing that belonged to another.

"Good-bye!" said Genevieve, and the common words seemed the strangest, saddest sound that ever dropped from human lips.

She stood in the vine-shaded piazza, and listened as he went down the walk. She held her hands tightly over her lips, lest she should cry out and call him back. She prayed God for strength to keep silent until his footsteps ceased to ring in her ears.

The whole interview had not probably occupied fifteen minutes.

Nobody was the wiser for Royl Darrow's visit. Aunt Esther was up-stairs with a neighbor, and Rob and Gracie were off on a lark with some schoolmates.

Royl Darrow went straight from Genevieve to the station. He was the only passenger from Grayledge that night. During the half hour before the train came up, he paced the little depot with varied emotions at war in his soul. It seemed to him that this misery was greater than he could bear. He had not counted on his own weakness. He thought he had at last throttled his old love, and lo! at sight of the woman, it had risen up with all its overmastering might in his heart and nearly unmanned him!

There had been nothing in Genevieve's voice or manner which betrayed the slightest feeling for himself. His presence had evidently caused her almost insupportable pain. That white face in the dim summer gloaming showed that the girl had suffered. There was some dreadful mystery about all this! At times one miserable fancy and then another presented itself to account for Genevieve's behavior; but each in a few moments was dismissed as absurd or impossible. But one fact remained. Royl Dar-

row felt that he should never have an instant's peace until he had torn the image of Genevieve Weir out of his heart.

"I will find some way to forget her!" he said, fiercely, to himself, and then he heard the shriek of the engine, and he hurried out on the platform as the train thundered up to the depot at Grayledge.

The next evening the uncle and nephew again sat together in the library. The elder man, for the first hour, did most of the talking. He gave the younger an animated and humorous account of his visit up the Hudson. He prolonged the story a good deal, because he fancied Royl seemed interested and amused.

At last there was a long pause in the talk. The elder man was lost in thought, when Royl spoke up, suddenly: "Uncle Alvin, I did something in your absence, which, I think, will surprise you."

The tone, more than the words, roused his uncle.

"What was it, Royl?" he asked, curiously.

"I went to Grayledge—I saw Genevieve Weir!"

Had an earthquake suddenly crashed in the roof over his head and torn the ground under his feet, Alvin Darrow could not have been more stunned than he was by Royl's speech. Everything grew dark before his eyes, even to Royl, sitting a little way apart from him. He tried to speak, but no sound came from his dry, pallid lips. By some blind instinct he shielded his face with the paper he held in his hand. He told himself that he was dreaming—that he should awake in an instant. That was the only way he steadied himself—the only way—he remembered afterward—that he lived through the horror of that moment!

Royl could not have waited long for a reply, as, in a little while his uncle was conscious that he had begun to talk again, and—still telling himself it was a dream—the elder man tried to listen. For some reason—which he probably could not have explained himself, Royl did not relate the dream which had taken him to Grayledge; he spoke only of the feeling which had impelled him once more to see Genevieve Weir. He was not at all certain while he spoke that his uncle would not regard the existence of any such feeling as unpardonable weakness. Royl merely stated the fact, without attempting to justify it. Then he related briefly, but fully, all that had passed in his interview at Grayledge. The account did not occupy ten minutes. Before he was through his uncle was aware that he was not dreaming.

The sudden relief, after the terrible shock, almost overpowered the man again. Genevieve Weir, he saw, had borne a test to which he should never have dared subject her—a test which one woman in millions would not have stood. The silence of that girl, under such a stress, was sublime, he thought, and he felt a genuine thrill of admiration, a genuine pang of remorseful pity for the young girl he had sacrificed.

Royl waited for his uncle to speak, but, as he kept silent, the young man resumed, in a quiet, determined tone: "Uncle Alvin I am resolved to put

that woman and all that miserable past out of my life. Would to God they had never entered it! But I must have now some new excitement, at least, some new absorbing interest. One woman seems to me now about as attractive as another. But the wisdom I trusted in, the intuitions on which I proudly relied, have so utterly betrayed me, that I have little temptation to test them a second time," and he smiled a sad, bitter smile to himself. "You shall choose for me, uncle."

As Alvin Darrow heard these words the weight of mountains seemed to roll from his spirit. In the flash of joy that went through him, he could have sprung to his feet and shouted like a boy. But he controlled himself.

"Ah, Royl," he said, "you have made me a happy man! You will be happy one of these days, yourself, my dear boy."

Spite of himself, his voice trembled. Royl caught the sound. He turned and gazed at his uncle. It struck him that the man was looking pale—older, too, than he had ever seen him before. His heart filled suddenly with a great overflowing tide of tenderness and gratitude; he remembered all he owed to the man sitting there—how he had been to him a more indulgent guardian, a kinder friend, a more delightful companion than most fathers are to their sons! Ought he not, in turn, Royl asked himself, to be ready and glad to do anything which would gratify one who had lavished on him years of love and care?

He leaned forward, he spoke out of the honesty of his heart: "Uncle Alvin, I am not worthy a hundredth part of all you have done for me. But I do desire to please you more than anything else in the world. What, above all other things, would you have me do? Tell me the dearest wish of your heart!"

Alvin Darrow leaned forward—his proud, old face shone with a joy that made it look young again. He laid his hand on Royl's.

"I would have you go up to the mountains, and join Ashley Brier, as soon as you can get ready," he said.

And Royl answered: "I will go next week!"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER that night of Royl Darrow's visit to Grayledge, the change that had come over Genevieve Weir grew more marked. The forces of her will broke slowly down under the terrible burden she had imposed on them. Heart and brain began to sink beneath their strain. Sleep and appetite failed together. It seemed to her aunt that every day the bloom grew fainter, the curved lines sharper in that dear face. Every day, too, it was evident that her energies were failing. She went through the routine of her self-imposed tasks silent and absent, and hardly attempted to keep up the show of interest in anything.

Anxiety quickened the elder lady's penetration. She was satisfied that some inward trouble was at the

bottom of the change that had come over her niece; but Mrs. Esther Fairfax was a lady, and shrank from intruding herself on Genevieve's confidence.

The girl's aunt was not the only one who missed the diamonds Genevieve had worn on her return from New York. One day Gracie spoke up with childish curiosity: "What has become of that lovely diamond-ring you used to wear, Genevieve? I don't believe you have had it on for weeks."

"I have put it away," said Genevieve, quietly. "I shall not wear it any more."

But her aunt fancied the older sister winced before she spoke.

"Why, how funny you are, Genevieve!" continued the child. "I don't think when I grow up and have diamonds to wear that I shall hide them away in my drawer! Beside, you promised to tell me the story connected with that ring."

Somebody called Gracie at that critical instant. It must have been an immense relief to her sister, Mrs. Fairfax thought; but the lady drew her own conclusions from that talk. She was satisfied that the ring had an intimate connection with Genevieve's trouble.

"And so this was to be the end of the grand visit to New York!" she thought, with sickening anxiety. "Better Genevieve had never set foot under her uncle's stately roof than had her young life wrecked."

That last dreadful interview with Royl Darrow had quite unnerved Genevieve. She lived it over in the silence of her own thoughts, until every word had burned itself into her memory.

The meanings that had escaped her in the misery and bewilderment of the time, now grew quite clear to her. She saw that Royl believed she had cast him off for another—saw just the false, unworthy thing she must appear in his eyes.

Armed with her letter, Alvin Darrow, in his desperation, had turned it into a weapon against herself. He had interpreted it in the only way sure to accomplish his purpose. The temptation was one which, in his straits, a man would not be likely to resist. Would he hesitate because he must brand her in Royl Darrow's eyes as the most heartless, the basest of her sex? She saw how the toils had closed around her. She knew now why Royl had returned her letters without word or sign. His silence seemed something cruel and awful at the time. It seemed now the only fitting way in which a man could take his leave of a woman who had dealt so treacherously with him.

Going back over her last interview with Royl, she saw how unconsciously, but perfectly, she had played into Alvin Darrow's hands—how her whole behavior, every word she had uttered, must have confirmed his uncle's story.

But Genevieve writhed afresh at the thought of standing thus dishonored in the eyes of the man who had loved her. This new conviction added a fresh bitterness to the bitter cup pressed to the lips of her youth. Had Alvin Darrow suggested this injustice to the cruel sacrifice he demanded of her that day, she might have shrunk from the ordeal.

Yet, she saw how inevitably he had been drawn

into doing her this last wrong; she read, as though she had unlocked the darkest secrets of his breast, the line of reasoning which his thought would inevitably take. "What," he would ask himself, "could his nephew's opinion of her now avail to Genevieve Weir? Best for him—best for all concerned—that he should believe the woman who had relinquished him as unworthy a regret or a memory!"

Poor Genevieve! It could not comfort her to think that from Alvin Darrow's standpoint this reasoning was certainly true. Her heart, broken as it was, was lacerated anew. There was no help for this fresh misery. If she opened her lips to justify herself, she would bring down Royl's doom on his head. He must think of her with scorn and loathing to the last day of his life.

Yet, there had been no scorn, no loathing, she remembered, in the sad kindness which struggled through all the coldness of his manner in their last interview. And with her fine comprehension, her perfect inborn sympathies with the soul of this man, she divined at once the nature of the feeling which had drawn him once more to Grayledge. It was not the woman, false and perjured, he had sought for the last time. It was the Genevieve Weir of his young love, his faith and idealization, to whom Royl Darrow had made his last offer of service and friendship.

Even in all her misery, Genevieve felt a flash of triumph at the real grandeur, the innate nobility of the man she had loved. The true gold of his character came out when the fire proved it. She had still, amid all her anguish, the blessed certainty that she had loved the best. If she could only stand before him and say, "Royl, I have not failed you," she could veil her face and die with the happiest smile on her lips—in her heart of hearts.

The strongest brain, the steadiest nerves would have been shaken by all that had been laid on this sensitive, delicately-organized girl. The horrible mystery of the crime laid bare to her; the awful burden of the secret she carried, the cruel pain that never slept, were all slowly goading her to madness. If Genevieve could have broken silence at this crisis, if she could have had some human sympathy and counsel, it would have relieved her. It was the dread lest, after all, she could not tread her wine-press alone; lest, in some moment of terror and despair, she should shriek out her dreadful secret that now began to haunt her by night and by day. A strange, wild light grew in the great brown eyes, a fever burned at her pulses, and strange, mocking voices and laughter rang in her brain.

A passionate longing for rest and coolness began to possess the girl. It grew with her, as the summer days went on, into a fixed idea, into a fierce hunger. Each night she lay awake with visions of the cool, green swirling of sea-waves haunting her, or went to sleep to have her dreams filled with the soft, endless hum of falling waters. And every day the thought of the sea, and the sound of the waves drew her with a mightier drawing. There only, she fancied, in their cool, green, shadowy depths, in their still, soft em-

braces, could the pain at her heart be eased; could the fire in her brain be cooled! She would sit at her window for hours, gazing far off at the restless summer sea, while her thoughts whirled within her wilder than its waves. Her lips were set in a hard line, like that of one who, under the torture, without moan or sign, holds fast some secret, while the strange fire gleamed brighter and fiercer in those great, brown eyes.

Reason was slowly breaking down at last. The burden which the strong man had laid on that young girl's life proved mightier than she could bear.

One evening Genevieve Weir might have been seen, had anybody been on the watch at the time, going hurriedly out of the cottage-gate. She crossed the road at a little distance from her home, and took a foot-path, which led by a short cut across the pastures and through the meadows to the sea. She moved very rapidly, like one who, flying breathless, yet dreads pursuit. She had thrown a white shawl of some slight, filmy fabric, about her shoulders, a light sun-hat was on her head, and everything in the girl's movements indicated haste and secrecy.

The day had been sultry, but toward night a wind had blown in from the sea, and the sky was covered with broken, rolling clouds, masses of shimmering silver-gray and huge brown flanks that moved slowly up before the sea-wind. Occasionally a flash of lightning broke angrily from the dark bosom of the clouds, and there was a low, distant growl of thunder in the air.

Genevieve did not meet a soul in the long, lonely road through the pastures. There was little probability she would at that time of the evening. Fond as she was of the sea, there was something uncanny in her setting out at that late hour, swift and alone, for the shore.

Dick Sharon, a fisher-boy, strolling up from the sands, humming some old sea-ballad to himself, was startled on meeting that rapid, solitary figure. Dick was a large-boned, red-headed, freckled-faced boy of fifteen, who made his living—such as it was—by fishing in the sea and doing errands on the land. Dick furnished the Weirs with all their sea-food, and from his boyhood had received no end of small kindnesses from the inmates of the gray cottage; and the honest, clumsy fellow cherished a real gratitude toward every member of the family. As for Genevieve, the fisher-boy regarded her as something superhuman—if he could have painted a goddess or an angel, it would have taken the face of Genevieve Weir.

When Dick met that light, half-flying figure in the growing darkness, the song on his lips was instantly hushed. The girl half-paused, stared wildly at him a moment with distraught eyes, and then hurried on. Dick stood still, and stared after her, an expression of wonder and concern among the great yellow freckles that covered his face. In a few moments Genevieve turned back. She had not realized who Dick was, until she had passed him. But, now, through all the wild darkling and madness of her brain, the native kindness of a heart that was tender and pitiful to all human things, made itself felt. Genevieve came

straight to the boy. She looked him in the face with eyes that had a strange, wild light in them; but there was no wildness in her distinct, rapid utterance.

"Dick," she said, "go up to the house and get a good supper before you go to bed. Tell Patty I sent you, and that she must be sure and give you a big hunk of her fresh gingerbread!"

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Dick, and there was a hungry boy's gleam of pleasure, at the thought of a feast, in his light, colorless eyes.

"Shake hands with me, Dick," said Genevieve, kindly, but sadly.

It seemed to the groping brain, to the aching heart, that it would be pleasant to have the memory of some last, kindly deed of hers—to have some last, grateful look of human eyes to carry down into the coolness and peace where she was going.

Dick took the small, white hand in his red, rough fingers. He looked bewildered and abashed.

"Good-bye!" said Genevieve, and she seemed to glide away from him light and swift as sea-nymph toward the sands.

Dick stood still and gazed after her. He could see the gleam of that white figure afar in the gray darkness. Why was she going alone, at this hour, down to the sea? Why did she shake hands with him in that strange way? The questions worked in the boy's slow, honest brain, and roused some vague doubts and fears there. He thought for an instant of the supper that waited for his asking at the cottage. It was a temptation; for Dick's appetite was sharpened by the salt air and the long fishing, but he put it bravely away, set down his heavy basket of fish on the ground, wheeled around, and started for the sea.

The tide was coming in. Genevieve went down on the damp sands, so close to the waves, that the cool, salt spray dashed upon her hot cheeks. How pleasant it felt! She smiled to herself, but it was a smile, seeing which, any eyes that loved her would have turned from with sudden terror. Overhead there was not a star, only the shimmering gray and the lowering blackness of the clouds. Just before her rolled the mighty sea, deep calling to deep, as in white majesty the great waves swept in and almost touched her feet before they turned and rolled back again. In a few moments some one stronger and braver than the rest, would lift her softly and bear her out with it. The frail girl, standing there between the wild clouds and the wilder sea, was not afraid. She knew that the shore shelved at the point near where she stood; she knew that the first wave which clutched her would bear her out helpless in its strong arms to the great deep. But she stood there, calm as Thetis might have stood, new risen from the sea, and no thrill of fear shook her pulses any more than it would have shaken the beautiful sea goddess.

There were voices in those shouting waves—voices that called to Genevieve Weir, that promised her welcome, and peace, and forgetfulness, at last. Was it strange that the broken heart and the maddened brain of the girl heeded and longed to come? For her there was no more hope or rest, only the long

torture that seemed to have lasted ages, and beneath which reason had snapped at last.

So she stood there, and the great waves tramped upon the sands, and came nearer and nearer, and shook their white locks about her feet. Each seemed to stretch its cold, slippery arms after her. The very next incoming wave might have seized the slight, wavering figure and borne it off triumphantly. She leaned forward; she stretched out her arms with a laugh.

Suddenly something touched Genevieve's arm. She looked around with a start. There stood Dick Sharon, with a look of such terrible alarm on his face, that the bristling hair, the stubbed nose, every big yellow freckle, seemed to have a share in it.

Genevieve dashed off the arm with a fierce cry. He was doubtful whether she recognized him.

"What do you want with me?" she shrieked, wildly.

Dick Sharon was an ignorant, clumsy, rather thick-headed boy; but the highest wisdom, the finest tact, could not have prompted an answer that went straighter to the heart of things than the one on which his native instincts and his honest heart blundered.

"Tain't no place for you to be standin' here all alone, and the tide comin' in like mad, and jest ready to snap you up. Aunt Esther, and Rob, and little Gracie would be skeered to see you like this. You better come home with me, Miss Genevieve."

The girl stared at him a moment like a wild creature driven to bay. At the sound of the old names, a gleam of reason shot suddenly through the darkened, reeling brain. The old, pleasant, homely life, the familiar faces, the every-day things and places, rose up suddenly at the fisher-boy's words. For that moment he was the enchanter that invoked all the past to Genevieve. The next moment, it is true, the darkness had shut down upon her brain, but not until the girl in that gleam of sanity had reached out her hands and cried, like one who finds himself going down under hungry waves or over beetling precipices: "Oh, take me home, Dick!"

Dick seized her hands just as a far-circling wave swashed about the feet of both, and he turned and half-led, half-dragged the girl over the sands.

Long afterward, when Genevieve tried to recall that walk, it seemed to her like the memory of a nightmare when one awaketh. She had a dim vision of wide stretches of sand and sod over which she walked for ages, with wild, angry, hurrying clouds overhead, and something at her side to which she was clinging—she could not tell what—only there was a hard, rough hand which held hers, and which she would not let go, with a dim instinct that if her grasp slipped from it an instant she would be lost in those wide deserts, under that wild sky. This was all Genevieve could ever remember of that night; but it was the fisher-boy's rough hand that had led her back from the very jaws of death.

Mrs. Fairfax sat alone in her room that evening with a very troubled face. Her niece's condition of body and mind was now the one thing ever uppermost in the lady's thoughts. During the last two or three days, Genevieve had grown rapidly worse. She

had hardly spoken, unless to answer some question in an absent, listless manner, and never left her room unless her aunt urged a change on her.

Mrs. Fairfax had made up her mind at last to break the silence which she had imposed on herself. She had been for some time satisfied that a deep-seated grief was preying on her niece; but she had great faith in the girl's healthy, elastic nature, and she believed that she would confide everything to her, after she had surmounted her trouble. So long as Genevieve chose to keep silent, her aunt dreaded to interfere in so vital a matter.

But these last days Mrs. Fairfax had seen a look in Genevieve's eyes which filled her with vague terror. It was evident that the time had come when something must be done. The girl's health and reason might be fatally giving way. Her alarm overcame all Mrs. Fairfax's scruples. She resolved to go at once to Genevieve's room and implore the girl to confide in her. She would do this, too, in the name of her dead mother, and by every plea most likely to prevail with Genevieve.

Mrs. Fairfax had risen to her feet, on the point of seeking her niece's chamber, when she heard footsteps in the hall below, and somebody shouted her name in a loud, alarmed voice: "*Miss Fairfax!*"

She was out of the room and down the flight of stairs in a moment. What a scene met her eyes as she reached the landing! Dick Sharon, the fisher-boy, stood there holding Genevieve by one hand, while his other arm was around her waist, or she would have fallen. Her hat had dropped on the floor, her shawl was trailing from her shoulders, her eyes had a fierce, glaring light, and her face a dreadful pallor.

When she saw her aunt, she shrieked out: "O Aunt Esther, I am tired! Take me home! I have walked all over the world to find you."

"Here I am, my darling. Nothing shall harm you now," said the tender mother-voice, and she put her arms around Genevieve, and the fair head dropped like a storm-bowed lily on her bosom.

Mrs. Fairfax turned at once to the fisher-boy. "What does it mean, Dick?" she asked.

And Dick answered in his blundering, honest fashion: "I met her goin' down to the shore, *Miss Fairfax*, and she was almost a-flyin'. Her looks kind o' skeered me, and I turned back and follered her. She went close to the water, where the tide was comin' in powerful, and stood there. In a jiffy more she'd a-been drowned! I went up to her and spoke to her, and she kinder listened, and at last come along with me. So I brought her home. But she ain't right, *Miss Fairfax!*"

Mrs. Fairfax could not pause then even to thank Dick. The two bore the half-conscious girl up to her room, and then the aunt hurried Dick off for the doctor. When the physician came, he looked grave, and pronounced Genevieve in a brain-fever. He suspected from appearances that it had been slowly getting the upper hand for some time.

(To be continued.)

HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM, AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN."

CHAPTER VIII.

A STORM.

WHEN, on the next morning, Lester looked across the breakfast-table into the face of his wife, he was almost shocked at the change which he saw there. All the life seemed to have faded out. Even when Rose spoke, her eyes did not rest on his, but fell a little downward, or aside from the direct line of vision. There was a depression in her voice, but nothing of complaint or resentment. She made no remark about anything, but answered, when her husband addressed her, with the fewest words—yet gently and kindly.

A chair had been bought for little Archie a few weeks before, and the experiment tried of bringing him to the table at breakfast-time. At first his father was interested in his pretty ways, and amused at the disorder he too often created. But patience had been wearing out, and for some days past he had shown a strong inclination to restrain his freedom. In more than a single instance he had almost broken the sensitive child's heart by a sternly-uttered word.

The high chair was not at the table this morning.

"Where is Archie?" inquired Lester.

"Up-stairs, with Margaret," Rose answered. She gave no reason why he was not at the table—and her husband asked for none.

Lester did a great deal of thinking all through that day, in his efforts to see clearly the line of conduct he must take. It would never do to let things go on as they had been going—this was clear. But how was a change to be effected, if Rose would not listen to reason? If she were going to indulge the little one, in spite of all he could say to the contrary, must he weakly fold his hands and let the result be what it might? Must he quietly yield, and have his comfort invaded and his rest broken because of a spoiled and self-willed child, who must not be submitted to proper discipline? Thus, all through the day, he gathered his routed forces, and came home in the evening resolved to do his duty, whatever that might be.

The dinner-hour passed almost in silence. Lester's appetite was not, so far as could be seen, in the least impaired by his state of mind. Not so with his wife. She ate very sparingly and without apparent relish. The days being at their shortest, their dinner-time came closely upon the baby's bed-time.

Scarcely was the meal over ere the usual fretting and crying began. The child was resisting the efforts of his nurse to get him to sleep. He wanted his mother. Once or twice Lester noticed a movement, as if Rose were about to rise. He knew what this meant. Suddenly a louder cry was heard. Little Archie was growing impatient. In a moment Rose was on her feet and passing towards the door. Lester must act

now, if he would make himself master of the situation; for, if Rose got the child in her arms, he could do nothing. Ere she was aware that he had risen, he was between her and the door, barring her egress. He saw her face grow suddenly white, but it did not weaken his purpose.

"There's nothing the matter with him but temper and self-will! You stay here, and I'll see that he goes to sleep. He's had his own way long enough."

Lester spoke rapidly and with considerable excitement. He did not pause for a reply, but went swiftly through the door and up to their chamber. Rose stood where her steps had been arrested, as if powerless to move; but her lips had fallen apart, and her attitude was that of an eager listener. She heard the chamber-door shut with a jar as her husband went in; and then all was silent for a few moments. This silence broke the spell which had fallen upon her, and she grew alert, going with a quick movement into the hall and half-way up to her room, where she stood listening eagerly. The chamber-door opened and the nurse came forth, passing her without speaking, and going down-stairs.

Rose had not heard the voice of her baby since the sound of the closing door; but now it broke out suddenly in a wild cry, that struck a sharper pain into her heart than even a dagger-thrust could have given; at the same time the stern voice of her husband, in which her ear felt a cruel threat, commanded silence. For an instant all was still again, then the cry, wilder, and more terrified than before, shivered through the air. Its echoes had not ceased when the hand of the baby's mother was on the chamber-door—but it did not yield to her touch. The key had been turned in the lock!

"Archie! O Archie!" she called, striking the door with a force that bruised her tender hand. The only response that came was a stern order to go down-stairs.

On hearing his mother's voice, the child cried out, piteously: "O mamma! mamma! Come, mamma!"

"Hush, this instant!" commanded the father.

"O mamma! mamma! Come!" pleaded the baby.

"Silence, I say!"

A stifled cry, as if the child were being thrust down among the bed-clothes, came to the mother's ears.

"O Archie! Archie, dear! Don't! Don't! Please, don't. Let me in! Archie! Archie!"

If the passion of the moment had not made his ears deaf and his eyes blind, Archie Lester could not have persisted in the course he was taking a moment longer. But his strength of will and natural decision of character were the ruling forces now, and he was letting them bear him onward. He did not comprehend the agony that was in the cry that came pleading through the door which he had shut and bolted against the mother whose heart was almost breaking in its uncertainty and terror. To him, there was in it more of self-willed resistance to the needed discipline to which he was subjecting his boy, than of suffering or fear. And so he gave it no heed, but went on in the work of reducing the child to submission. But the

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

struggle was far more prolonged, and the task a more difficult one, than he had imagined. A full half hour was passed in the work, and not until the child's strength was exhausted did he finally yield. There had been angry threats, and physical force, and even blows. But we will not pain the reader with any minute description of the sorrowful scene; nor of what the poor heart-sick mother said, or did, or suffered, as she stood on the outside of that chamber of mystery and torture.

When, at last, the baby was still, lying limp and exhausted in his crib, the wet lashes closed over the scared, suffering eyes, and the little mouth, so rosy and full an hour before, colorless and drawn back in two thin lines against the hard teeth—a sight to bring tears—Lester, with his passion gone, and pity and repentance beginning to find an entrance to his heart, opened the door with a hand into which a tremor was creeping. It was nearly a quarter of an hour since Rose had uttered her last appeal or given a sound. As he drew open the door, the form of his wife, which had been lying against it, fell a little way inwards, and he saw by the pinched and ashen face that she had fainted.

A great darkness fell upon Lester's soul, and with it came doubt, fear and regret. What had he done! How light—almost as that of a child—was the slender form he gathered in his arms and laid upon the bed.

"Rose! Rose, dear!" he called, but vainly, as he bent over her. The loving angels, who had gathered closely about her in this ordeal of bitter suffering, had drawn her spirit away from the outer world, and in among themselves, that she might no longer bear the torture to which her husband in his blindness was subjecting her.

So long did they hold her in all unconsciousness of external things, that her alarmed and remorseful husband was about calling up the servants and sending for a physician, when it occurred to him that if he were to lay the baby in her arms, its sphere and touch might be perceived and draw her back to life. Acting upon the thought, he took the child and laid him with his head against her breast, and with one of her arms drawn closely about him. Not until then had the baby even stirred; but now the tiny hands went slowly, as if half-afraid the motion might be arrested, creeping into the mother's bosom, and there was a nestling motion of the head, so slight as scarcely to be observed, but never for a moment intermitted. Lester stood looking down upon them, with such feelings of pity and tenderness as made his eyes dim with tears; his breath half-hushed in the suspense that was holding him. If this did not bring her back, could anything unlock the closed senses!

More and more restless grew the tiny hands and the little head. The heart of the baby was becoming impatient for a loving response. He was longing to feel life in the arm that was drawn around him, the touch of soft, motherly hands, and the sweetest of abundant kisses.

At last the baby could bear it no longer. The restless hands went up to the face, and in a whisper so

hushed that the father's ears but faintly perceived it, the parting lips called: "Mamma! mamma!"

And the mother heard, for in that instant life came flowing into the embracing arms which began to tighten around the baby, who drew back his hands, and let his head sink closer into her bosom, his restlessness all gone. For more than a minute Lester stood above them, his breathing half-repressed, before another sign of returning consciousness was visible. It was faint, but not to be mistaken—a slow, downward movement of the mother's head, until her face lay half-buried amidst the golden curls; that was all. And then mother and child remained as motionless as if both were sleeping. Did the mother really breathe? Lester bent over, with his cheek close to her lips. Yes, the circle of life was again complete. Silently moving away from the bed, he sat down, waiting for what might come. It was not long before he knew, by the clear, even respiration of the baby, that he had fallen asleep; and for the sake of the child he was glad. In sleep he would find oblivion.

But had he found oblivion? Even as the thought came, with a feeling of relief, to the mind of Lester, the baby caught his breath in a strong sighing spasm, stirred for an instant, and then lay quiet again, his even respiration once more breaking the stillness of the room. Ah, if no wrecks were ever left in the path of the storm!—if no deep ground-swell gave sorrowful token of its fury long after the heavens were clear above, we might escape seasons of remorse and heartache! But it is not so. After every storm of passion some wreck remains, and the ground-swell is sure to come with its low, heavy pulsations.

For a little while all was still again. Then the baby's sigh broke once more on the air, and again the baby stirred and nestled closer into the mother's bosom. How that sigh smote upon Lester's heart, accusing him of cruel wrong. The hours moved on; but though Lester watched and waited, the baby's sigh smiting him ever and anon, for some sign of recognition from his wife, none came. It was long after midnight when, overpowered by sleep, he lost himself, and knew nothing more until the morning broke. Some moments elapsed before his thoughts were clear, and he could recall the incidents of the previous night. The light which came in through the closed curtains fell upon the sleeping face of his wife, which looked pale and sorrowful in the uncertain rays. He could not see the child, for that was concealed by the bed-clothes.

After all had grown clear to him, Lester arose, and going with noiseless step to the bed, stood for awhile looking down at his wife. He saw that her respiration was easy and natural; and this greatly relieved him. How she had changed! Or, was it the uncertain light that was mocking his eyes? He made a slight sound, but Rose did not hear it; another, but she slept on. Slowly, but steadily, the light increased, taking off the shadows that lingered about her face, and showing all its delicate lines and the harmony of its exquisitely-cut proportions. But it seemed to him, in its fixed expression and exceeding whiteness more like

a sculptured than a living face. A flood of tenderness—of tenderness full of pity and remorse—swept over him. His eyes grew wet with the tears he could not hold back—so weak and womanish for him, with whom the fountain of tears lay very far down and hard to reach! He could restrain himself no longer. His kisses were on her lips, her cheeks, her forehead—rained down passionately!

No response; or, so slight that it almost seemed as if there were none. The eyelids quivered, but did not lift themselves so that the eager husband could look into the orbs that were hidden beneath. The inexpressible sadness that lingered in all the fine fibres of the mobile mouth, holding them so rigidly, did not fade off. There was no movement of the lips, as if thought were becoming active and giving signs of coming speech. Lester raised himself a little upwards, his dim eyes trying to read the countenance that lay before him with its veil of mystery so closely drawn. A chill began creeping through his heart, for it came to him suddenly that reason might have been dethroned when the mother fell fainting against the door of her chamber, unable any longer to bear the agony with which he was torturing her!

"O Rose! Rose! My darling!" he cried.

There was a slight movement, as if his wife were shrinking away from him, and at the same time drawing her baby more closely to her breast. What did it mean? Were thought and feeling lost in a single impression that her child was in danger, and that beside her weak self it had no one to pity or defend?

Lester stood waiting for the space of nearly a minute. Every slight movement had ceased, and Rose was lying a little more turned from him, and closer to her baby—if that were possible. The light was growing stronger, and he could now see that a warmer hue was beginning to diffuse itself over her face. He laid his fingers gently on her head and smoothed the hair with softest touches. But she still remained passive and with eyelids resting closely upon her cheeks. The fear which had crept into his heart grew stronger. Had his rough hand so wounded this tender flower that its drooping head would never be lifted again!

And now with loving words and warm caresses he sought to win her back to himself. Every expression of endearment his lips could frame was spoken in her ears. He drew his arm beneath her head, and held it closely to his breast. But she remained wholly irresponsive. And all this time the child, that lay in the closely-drawn circle of her arm, did not move, nor look up, nor give a sign of life beyond the gentle breathing that was half-repressed.

Day broke broadly; the sun came up; the morning wore on, but there was little change in the bed-chamber, where Rose and her child lay so motionless and silent in each others' arms, that none could tell whether they were awake or sleeping.

For the first time Lester sat down to his breakfast without an appetite. There was nothing of which to complain; but he had no relish for food. The nurse, who had gone to Mrs. Lester after announcing break-

fast, reported that she could not remove the baby from his mother's arms, nor get replies to any of her questions.

"Is Archie asleep?" asked Lester, trying to conceal, under a half-indifferent manner, the great anxiety from which he was suffering.

"I don't believe he is, sir. Just pretending."

"Very well. Let them alone for awhile; but, after have gone out, be sure not to leave them for a moment."

Lester went away immediately after breakfast, and hurried to Mrs. Loring's. He explained, though with many reservations, the state of affairs at home, and begged the aunt to go to her niece as quickly as possible.

"It's the last time," he said, "that I shall ever interfere between her and Archie. I never imagined, for an instant, that she would take things so to heart."

Mrs. Loring had grown very serious.

"Have you ever seen her in this way?" Lester asked.

"No. Have you?" And the aunt looked at him sharply.

"Never!" he replied, as one who defends himself against a suspicion of wrong-doing. "She is so sensitive," he added, after a pause, speaking now as one who tries to excuse himself.

"And sensitive things require the gentlest and most considerate treatment," said Mrs. Loring, not accepting the excuse. "We cannot deal with a delicate flower as with a hardy shrub. What gives strength to one may destroy the other."

Lester was silent.

"I'm afraid, from what I have seen," Mrs. Loring spoke thoughtfully and with a gentler manner, "that you do not understand Rose as the man who truly loves the woman who gives her happiness into his keeping should understand his wife."

She saw Lester's brows fall with a slight contraction. It was not the first time she had ventured to admonish him. He had never taken her admonition patiently, and exhibited some impatience now.

"In what have I failed to understand her, Mrs. Loring?" he asked, the brows drawing still more closely together.

"You have failed to understand this, I fear—that she is as human as yourself; has will, and thought, and individuality as distinct and as independent and responsible to God as your own; and that you have no more right to lay a command upon her than she has to lay a command upon you."

"Mrs. Loring, I cannot permit this."

A flame burned out in Lester's face. His pride had stirred the fires of anger.

"It is not I, but the truth, that speaks, Mr. Lester," was firmly, yet mildly, answered. "And it is the truth, in this sad crisis of your life and that of the tender child, whose happiness I intrusted to your care, that it most concerns you to know. You cannot absorb her into yourself. You cannot make your will her law. She must be herself; must live her own life, or die!"

Something in what Mrs. Loring said, or in her

manner of saying it had a marked effect on the young man. The hot blood receded from his brows, and the anger went out of his eyes, as he answered: "Some other time, Mrs. Loring. I can't talk about this now. Won't you go to Rose as quickly as possible? I only did what I thought to be my duty. A father has some responsibility in the matter of his child. But you may assure her that I shall not come between her and Archie again; at least not until he is a great deal older than now."

Mrs. Loring promised to go to her niece immediately, and Lester, thinking it best for them to be alone for awhile, did not return home for an hour. He was too much in suspense, and too anxious about his wife's state of mind to remain away any longer.

"How is Rose?" he asked of Mrs. Loring, holding his breath for the answer.

"Better," was replied, but with a gravity of tone and countenance that scarcely relieved the husband's great anxiety.

"Is she sitting up?"

"Ycs."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes."

He was moving past Mrs. Loring, when she laid her hand on him.

"Don't say anything about what occurred last evening."

"Why?"

"Rose has not spoken of it."

"Then you have not told her what I said?"

"There has been no opportunity."

Lester looked troubled. "How will she know that I do not mean to interfere again with her government of Archie?"

"It will be best to let your acts assure her."

"But I wish her to know it now."

"You had better wait. The assurance of your acts will be far more to her than the assurance of your words."

When Lester entered the chamber, he found Rose sitting with Archie on her lap. The child's head was lying back against her bosom, and both of her arms were around him. He was so startled by the change visible in his wife, that for a moment or two he was unable to speak. She seemed older, and as one who had passed through a long period of suffering. The large blue eyes were larger, and had a strange expression, while around the tender mouth, closer pressed together than usual, were clearly-cut lines of pain. Out of all the features of her beautiful face had gone the old sweet heartiness that once made it so pleasant to look upon.

She did not smile as her husband came in, but looked at him steadily, her eyes widening. He saw in them a shade of doubt and fear, and did not fail to observe that her arms were drawn with an instinctive motion more closely about her baby. She received the kiss he laid upon her lips almost passively. When he tried to kiss the child, the little one shrank away and hid his face. With a toy which he had brought home as a peace-offering, he succeeded, after several

ineffectual efforts, in conciliating him, but could not, for a long time, entice him from his mother's arms.

One thing Lester saw as distinctly as if it had been raised up before his natural sight, and that was a wall of separation standing between him and his wife—a wall built by her hands, and one that he might never be able to cast down. There was another impression—that of her withdrawal from him. She seemed to be at a greater distance than before.

Lester remained at home long enough for both Rose and the baby to see and feel that all the sternness and passion with which he had hurt them so deeply on the night before had gone from his heart. He was very gentle and kind; and when he left them at midday for his office, he carried with him the memory of a smile playing feebly about the lips of his wife.

As Lester sat in his office trying to fix his attention on business, these sentences, uttered by Mrs. Loring that morning, came into his mind: "You cannot make your will her law. She must be herself; must live her own life or die!" He had tried to reject them when first heard; but now they were pressed upon him with the force of an accusation, and the warning of a prophecy, and kept fast hold of his convictions. Was it indeed so? Did this proposition apply in full force to the child-woman he had lifted to a place beside him and made his wife? He had never thought of her as possessing a nature as strongly individualized and self-centered as his own. She was to be lost in him; here had been his weakness and his mistake. She was to live his life rather than her own. What life had she to live that was not included in his? "Her own life or die!" It startled him. Could this be so? For a brief time he saw the truth clearly; but it was not a truth that favored his self-love, and soon became less apparent. Mrs. Loring had spoken too broadly. Rose did not possess the strong points of character she would have him believe. To this conclusion his mind soon drifted.

And yet, was she not setting herself against him? Was she not covering herself with armor? Had she not already built up a wall between them over which he could not pass? Archie Lester was in doubt; and the more he thought the more he grew bewildered. He came at least to one conclusion, and that was to be more watchful over himself in all his intercourse with his wife, for whom he now felt a higher respect than he had ever known. The ground of this respect was laid in his conviction that her character was stronger and her intuitions deeper than he had thought.

CHAPTER IX.

FADING AND FAILING.

WHEN Lester returned at dinner-time, Mrs. Loring had gone home. Rose met him with a quiet manner, and made an effort to be cheerful. But he could see constraint and repression in everything. The old life was not coming back. It would have pleased him if Archie's high chair had been set

at the table, and he would have tolerated much disorder without the protest of a word or a look. But the child was with his nurse, and he did not so much as hear the sound of his voice, though his ear kept listening intently. It was on his lips more than once to say, "Where is baby?" But he checked himself ere the question came into speech.

After dinner Mrs. Lester left her husband alone with his cigar and newspaper, and did not make her appearance for nearly an hour. There had been no sound of crying or fretting, the baby's usual demand for his mother. Still, Lester was in no doubt as to what kept his wife away from him so long, and it required considerable effort to hold in check the feeling of annoyance that was stirring within him.

Why had not a single call or complaint from the child been heard, even though the time spent at the dinner-table happened to be longer than usual? This question came naturally into Lester's mind—and the answer followed as naturally. An understanding had been established between Archie and his mother. He must not cry for her any more; if he did, his father would not only keep her away from him, but punish him for crying. He must wait patiently until she could get away from the dinner-table, and then he should go to sleep in her arms.

All this was clear to Lester, and he did not feel satisfied. Was another way in life opening before them? Had Rose, with her little one in her arms, already turned aside into that way; her face set forward, and every step she was taking widening the distance between them? As he dwelt on the thought he grew troubled. This weak, fragile, dainty little woman; this delicate flower, which he had plucked to wear upon his breast that he might enjoy its sweetness, had all at once developed a strength of will beyond his power to control—had drawn the armor of its thorny leaves about the soft and fragrant petals, wounding the hand that touched it!

What was the man to do? In all his life he had never felt so weak and irresolute as now. There was a soft smile on the lips of Rose when she came downstairs and joined her husband. But it soon faded off. Each made an effort to converse, but, as there was no common ground of interest in the subjects introduced first by one and then by the other, they soon fell into a brooding silence. Lester felt that this would not do; for, instead of coming into closer sympathy they were only getting farther apart. So he had recourse to a volume in which both had been interested, and read aloud for nearly the whole evening. More than once, as he lifted his eyes from the page that lay open before him, and looked at his wife, he saw by her face that her mind was not in the book he was reading. With more than his usual patience and consideration, he sought to re-awaken her interest, and then read on again. If true love had been his prompter in this, patience would have borne fruit; but it was not love—only a desire for reconciliation, because estrangement was hurting himself. In his heart he was blaming his wife, and even writing some bitter things against her; but she was acting strangely—

showing traits of character that were new and unaccountable—and he must bear with her, at least for the present.

Not for an instant did he forget himself, or hold her happiness as a thing of highest regard. The reaction of her state of mind was hurting him, and for his own sake he must effect a change as quickly as possible.

Love bears all things and endures all things; but self, in its effort to appear unselfish, soon loses strength, and weakly gives up. The third time that Lester raised his eyes from the volume he was reading he saw that the thoughts of Rose were again absent. Love would have gone out towards her with pity and tenderness—but self was hurt, and became irritated. The book was shut impatiently and thrown upon the table.

"There's no use in my reading aloud, if you don't listen!" The words were out of Lester's mouth before he had time to check their quick formation on his tongue. He regretted the hasty speech. But what was said, was said, and could not be helped.

Rose started with a half-frightened gesture. Then, with an attempt to placate her husband, answered that she had been listening, but that her thoughts had wandered for a moment. She begged him to read on again, saying that she had been much interested. But he was in no mood for reading now, and did not open the book again. How palpable to his inner sense was the wall of separation which had been rising between Lester and his wife. It was as if Rose stood partially entrenched behind it, and so far away from him that his power over her was almost gone. He might speak, but would she hear? He might command, but would she obey?

After this the days went on; and the sunshine, never so bright as before, and the rain, dropping from murkier skies, fell into their lives, which steadily drifted apart. Ah, how many and how many times did the heart of Rose, which grew hungrier and hungrier for a quality of love which her husband could not give, lift itself as a vine lifts itself for support, and try to get fast hold of him! But always the clinging tendrils were hurt or chilled, and she sunk back and away from him with a deeper sense of want and weakness.

Time wore on. If there had been love in the household—if Archie Lester had been really capable of loving—what a paradise it might have been! He would have excused much—would have borne with many things that came of ignorance and weakness—would have forgotten himself in his tender regard for his pure, true, gentle little wife, who would have twined herself about him, and taken hold of his manlier strength, growing stronger and freer in her own true life, which would have struck its roots into his life—so losing herself in him. No constraint—no force—no demand; only gravitation, freedom and spontaneity. Love would have quickened her intuitions; and, that she might minister in all things to her husband, she would have taken hold of her duties in the household, and wrought in them with such

patience and skill, that order and comfort would have set themselves side by side with taste and beauty. Alas, that it was not so! Instead of the strength that patient love would have given, exaction and complaint made her blind, helpless and despairing, and the hands that would have been skilled and active, lay too often folded weakly across her bosom.

Lester's home did not grow more attractive, nor his spirit more amiable under the discomforts to which he was too often subjected. Complaint, remonstrance, storm; they followed each other many times, and in quick succession. But force with a woman is rarely of much avail. She has a hidden way, known only to herself, through which she can retire out of the reach of its impact; and when it has spent itself, she returns, apparently as little affected as though it had never moved against her. Love is her ruler—not force. To love she is a willing vassal, to force a rebel who never yields.

If the unloved wife—ah, how many there are!—have children, she finds her refuge in them. The riches of her heart are not wasted. Her life flows into their lives, and God gives her, in mother-love, a sweet delight that has perpetual renewals. She grows away from her husband, and loses herself in them.

So did Rose grow away from her husband, and lose herself more and more in her child. But because of his father's impatience with the restless, strong-willed boy, who was always doing something to annoy him and draw down reproof or punishment, she hid his faults and indulged him most unwisely.

How little the outside world of friends and acquaintances knew of the real life these two were leading. Rose did not go out a great deal; but whenever she appeared in company, her exquisite grace, and beauty, and charm of manner, made her a centre of attraction. And on these occasions her husband was very proud of her. His fine work of art was on exhibition, and the admiration it drew forth gratified his pride. And when one familiar friend and another said to him, as was frequently the case: "Lester, your wife is charming!" or, "What a little beauty she is!" or, "I admire your taste, Lester!" he was pleased and flattered.

But there were not a few who saw beneath the veil; who missed the old light-heartedness in the young wife's voice, and the old girlish happiness in her eyes; who saw that the roundness and fine color were lessening in her cheeks, and the old vivacity dying out of her manner. And they knew that, from some cause, her life was failing.

Among these was Philip Lawson, who had been a frequent visitor at Lester's house, and who, from the little things which even the most guarded are sure to betray, made guesses that were near the truth.

"What's the matter with that dear little wife of yours?"

Lawson had called at Lester's office on some business, which had been arranged, and the two young men were now talking in a familiar way, when in a pause that fell into the conversation, this question was

asked, and with an abruptness that caused Lester to look at his friend with evident surprise.

"The matter with Rose? Nothing, so far as I know. Why do you ask?"

Lawson saw the shadow of something drop down over Lester's face.

"Your eyes are not wholly blind, Archie."

"Blind! Why do you say that, Philip?"

"Because of your answer to my question."

"What did I answer?"

"That nothing was the matter with your dear little wife, when everybody else can see that she is steadily fading and failing as the months go by."

Lawson's manner had grown serious.

"Fading and failing!" Lester made an effort to smile, but the light went slowly out of his countenance.

"It cannot be, my friend, that your eyes are so blind that you do not see this for yourself."

"She has changed, without doubt," replied Lester, trying to speak with an assurance which he did not feel. "The airy lightness, the freshness and bloom, the sweet abandon of girlhood, cannot always remain with the wife and mother. A new life gives new experiences, and brings new states of mind. This is all that has happened. Rose is more a woman, and her ampler womanhood, flowing in a deeper current, is only giving a new expression of itself. It is not fading and failing in the meaning you give to the words. You do not see, as of old, the glint and action of the stream that danced so merrily in the sunlight, for it is running deeper now, and, so far from failing, has a stronger flow."

Lester spoke rather hurriedly, and with evident feeling. One thing was clear to his friend. He was not entirely satisfied with this deeper and stronger current of which he had spoken. It was not refreshing his soul, whatever it might be doing for his wife.

"May not this deeper and stronger flow be really exhausting her? Have you thought of that? Weak and tender souls cannot bear the trials that toughen harder natures."

"The will of a weak woman is a very strong thing," answered Lester, with just a sign of complaint.

"But, if set against unwisely, may cut the sheath that holds it," was answered.

Both were silent for awhile. The conversation was drifting in a direction that neither felt inclined to let it go any farther.

"I'm afraid," said Philip Lawson, speaking with the familiarity of a friend to a friend, "that you have not yet risen to anything like a true idea of what marriage really means—of the nature of the dual oneness that it involves. I do not like that church service in which a woman is required to promise obedience to her husband. In my view, it is the source of more unhappy marriages than all other causes put together; for it establishes domination, and domination is the death of love. If the man is set above the woman, with authority to say you 'must' do this or that, and he exercise this authority,

she may obey, but she cannot love him. In most cases, she will neither obey nor love."

"But, surely, there must be a head," was answered. "A man must rule in his own household. If there be disagreement about anything, which shall have the authority to decide?"

"Where there is love there will be no disagreement."

"All very well. But—"

Lester checked himself. It was of marriage that they were talking; and love is held to be the foundation of marriage. It would not do for him to ignore love, and so he held back from speech what was coming into his thought.

"What does a woman love in a man? And to what, if she be a true woman, does she seek to conjoin herself?"

Lester did not answer his friend; for no answer flowed into his thought.

Lawson resumed: "The man and the woman are as different from each other, in their mental and spiritual natures, as in their external form. Now, there must be something in each that makes a union of minds possible. A difference that attracts and conjoins. What is it? The right of one to rule over the other? This cannot give an attractive and conjoining force; for authority and domination make the grave of love. It must be something else—something grounded in the masculine and the feminine souls, by which each is differentiated from the other. What is life? Did you ever ask yourself this question?"

"No. What good? The wisest men in all ages have puzzled themselves over it, and still the mystery lies hidden."

"Swedenborg gives the solution in a single brief sentence—'*Love is life*.'"

"Love!"

"Yes. What a man loves, that he is. The quality of his love makes his life. If his love be good, his life will be good; if evil, then his life will be evil. Take all love out of a man—all desire, want, craving—which are but forms of love—and he is nothing. God is love; and we live from God."

"Then our life should be good, and never evil; for God is good."

"With life from God we have the gifts of freedom, else would we not be men. We may pervert the life with which He endows us, if we will. Alas, how many and sad are the perversions! As the thorn and thistle drink of the same dew and sunshine that feed the vine and the fig-tree, so a good man and a bad man take life from the same eternal fountain. It is the form into which life flows that changes and determines its final quality."

"It may be as you say; but what has all this to do with the relation between a man and his wife? We were talking about that, you know."

"If life be love, or love life, which is the same thing, then in the love of the man and the woman, which is their very life, we must look for the conjoining difference between them."

"The quality of their love for each other, you mean."

"No; I mean the love that makes their actual life—that makes each, his or her very self, masculine or feminine—the life that each must live in freedom, else will come blight or deformity."

"You are drifting me out to sea," Lester answered, giving a sign of impatience.

"I hope not. I would anchor you in a safe harbor.

If love be life, then love must quicken the thoughts and determine the actions of every human being—man or woman; for, love being the very life, thought and action can be nothing more than the expression of that life. That men and women differ as much in their spiritual as in their physical organization, none but those who are so blind that they will not see, can for a moment question. Each loves differently. What a man sees and loves in a woman is something very different from what a woman sees and loves in a man. She does not love in him a spirit of domination, nor the assertion of authority, but his strong intellect—his manly bearing—his strength of character and power of endurance—his justice and humanity—the clearness of his judgment and the wisdom of his life. To these she lifts herself as a vine to an oak, taking hold of them lovingly, and rising with him into the higher and purer regions, to which the soul of every true man and woman instinctively aspires. If a husband be weak and self-indulgent, instead of strong and self-denying; arbitrary and domineering, instead of just; impulsive and passionate, instead of patient and reasonable—can a woman truly love him? Impossible! *They twain can never become one flesh*"

"If man has to be all this before a woman can truly love him, his chances of ever being loved are very small," returned Lester, the falling inflection in his voice becoming very apparent.

"Does that change the truth of things?"

"Perhaps not. But, now, my wise friend, suppose we have the other side. For what does a man love a woman? For her weakness and willfulness?" There was an unpleasant undertone in Lester's voice.

"O Archie! I did not expect this of you!"

Lester felt the rebuke, as his friend saw by the color rising in his face.

"You must not take things too literally," he replied. "And now for a description of your woman, with all her counterpart perfections."

"It is easier to portray the masculine than the feminine," returned Lawson. "Strength, progression, conquest, are always forcing themselves upon our observation; but love is unobtrusive, and hides itself. The great oak flings its arms abroad and battles with the storm. It stands forth to the eyes of all, and you see its beauty or its deformity; its vigor or its decay. But the vine which has taken hold of its massive trunk, and crept along its sturdy branches, and laid its soft leaves and fine tendrils lovingly about the strong supports to which it clings, and by which it rises into purer airs and a warmer sunshine, is almost hidden from observation."

"Not always," said Lester. "I have seen many a

fine tree overrun and overlaid by a thrifty vine, which, forgetting the generous support it had received, became a usurper and a robber."

"The tree was too weak for the vine, which became aggressive?"

"Yes."

"It will happen so. But such is not the true relation of the vine to the tree—of the wife to her husband. There are weak men and strong women. Between these a true internal marriage is not, I think, possible. If the intellect of a man—that part of him which thinks, and reasons, and grows wise from gathered stores of knowledge—be not stronger than that of the woman he marries, she can never really love him. For the love of growing wise is the true masculine life. Now, if this be the masculine, what is the true feminine life? Can it be anything else than a love of the wisdom which the woman sees in the man, and up to which she perpetually lifts herself with a delight that increases with his progression? All women admire great intellect in men; and their admiration for it too often leads them to forget that, without moral quality, it is a force that works disaster."

"But what does the man love in the woman? If she loves his strength, his intelligence and his wisdom, and is forever seeking to rise by them into conjunction with him, what does he love in her? Not weakness and submission? You will hardly affirm that."

"No; for he could not love these. In genuine conjugal love there must be freedom and reciprocity. The man is in the love of growing wise, and the woman is in the love of the wisdom she sees in him, and into which she comes by perception. This love of wisdom is the true feminine life which forever seeks to be conjoined with the masculine."

"I do not see the reciprocal," Lester replied. "The man turns away from the woman, and goes in pursuit of wisdom; and when he has found it, he gives her the poor privilege of loving what he has gained. He has no love for her."

"Let us look a little closer," said Philip Lawson. "I have not said that the wife loves her husband's mere person. She loves the beauty and the excellence of the wisdom unto which he has attained. She loves what she sees in him—what he is as to his very life. Now, think for a moment. If he turn to his wife and see in her a love of the wisdom he has so loved and sought for and obtained, will he not be affected with delight, and take this love into his heart and make it his very own? And thus will not the two become as one in thought, feeling and the delight of life?"

Lester dropped his eyes to the floor, and remained for some time silent.

"It is too deep for me, Philip," he said at length, a sigh following the words.

"You perceive one thing at least," returned his friend. "There is no setting up of the man above the woman. No obedience; no service. Only love."

"Yes."

"You understand me better now. Make your life a true, manly life. Be strong, but gentle and considerate. There is a sense in which a man rules. It is when he rules himself by right reason. So far as he does this, his right reason becomes the law of his household, to which all yield a loving obedience; for right reason is neither selfish nor passionate, but always kind and wisely considerate. It seeks not for domination, but for the good of all. The man who attempts to rule in any other way will have rebellion at home—open or secret—and love will die in the stormy atmosphere."

As the two friends parted, Lawson said: "I have many times wished for an opportunity to talk with you as freely as I have talked to-day, but was afraid that you would not hear me patiently, or might take offense at my plain speaking."

"I can never take offense at anything you may think it right to say, for I know the sincerity of your friendship. Your plain speaking has done no harm."

"I trust that it will do good. That, when I next see your dear little wife, there will be fewer signs of fading and failing visible than when I last looked at her fragile form and sweet, sad face."

"Philip! Philip! Why will you talk so? Am I a tyrant—a modern Blue Beard? One would think, to hear you speak, that I was killing my wife by a process of slow torture." Lester was considerably disturbed.

"What if this were really so?"

"Philip Lawson! I must not be angry with you; but this is pressing me too closely." A hot flush came into Lester's face.

"I only asked the question. If, in your heart, you hear the clear, strong answer, 'No!' it goes for nothing."

Lester turned his eyes from the face of his friend, and there was silence between them for a long time. When they parted, it was in constraint of manner on both sides.

(Concluded in next number.)

LITTLE JESSIE.

WE call her "baby Jessie;"
While here on earth we stay,
She still will be the little one
Who passed so soon away.
We miss her in the morning,
At noon, at eventide;
We have the wreath her coffin wore,
But little else beside.

A picture, but the light of life
We longed seek, nor find;
A curl of hair we gaze upon,
Till our weeping eyes are blind.
We sadly, sadly miss her form
And baby face so fair;
But when the angels call us home,
We'll find our darling there.

S. J. JONES.

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.

PHILADELPHIA is pre-eminently a city of homes, and should be of gardens, also. The poorest mechanic, able to pay the rent of a four-roomed house, can, if he choose, have one little spot devoted to flowers. Back of innumerable humble tenements lies the small yard, so cheaply and easily transformed into a bower of beauty. True, there are some difficulties in the way, but floriculture under difficulties is a triumph. Until the trial has been made, no one knows what magical effects may be produced by a judicious feeding-up of poor soil, or the dropping of a seed into fine-sifted, rich earth in a broken pitcher. To be sure, it's a grand thing to have a half-acre of ground about the premises, and there is a charm, by no means to be despised in such floral millinery as was on exhibition in the Park last summer; yet, for all that, the adage, "Cut your garment according to your cloth," may be successfully adapted to flower-culture. And I guarantee a far more satisfactory result. For the scrimped pattern of cloth may make a sorry garment, while the smallest floral success is a subject for congratulation, if it is only a pansy face smiling under its purple hood.

Up a narrow court, running east from Fourth Street, in the neighborhood of New—in this city—summer after summer, I have seen, and rejoiced over, a splendid specimen of what may be done in the way of gardening under difficulties. I never visited the place, do not know a single individual living there, yet, in the flower season I look for the out-blossoming up that blind alley as for a friendly face.

For a variety of reasons, all of which were named in a former article, bushes, or wholesale growths of any description, are undesirable for a city garden. Blossoms that smile through the sunshiny months, then sleep in their seed-cradles during the winter, yield by far the most pleasure.

If, good housewife, you have little time, and less disposition, for the cultivation of flowers, plant some little self-sowing seed and secure a blossom-braided sod from year to year. If your yard is sunny, seek sun-lovers; if shady, damp, get fern-roots, and let them cover the sodden earth with their green veils. One indomitable little lady I know, moved into a house with a thimble of a yard, bricked over, and so surrounded on every hand that only one solitary sun-ray found its way thither. It was in the month of May, and I'll tell you what she did. Took up the centre bricks, dug a hole, sunk half a barrel into it, then filled, first with stones and oyster-shells, next with rich earth. Then she placed a fuchsia in the middle, groping around it ferns, dainty creeping-vines and mosses. The result was a marvel of beauty. That one little sunbeam straying in, tipping the fuchsia bell's purple tongue and the fern's green lance with gold, then yielding to the caress of the mosses, looked as though it had half a mind never to go out again.

Speaking of fuchsias—everybody admires, yet few

know exactly how to treat them. As far as my experience goes, they are not to be relied on for winter blooming, unless, indeed, everything is just so. They are an aristocratic race, and rarely condescend to waste their sweetness on the desert air of the humble parlor or dining-room, heated by a gas-consumer, or any such plebeian arrangement. I find the best treatment is to cut them down early in the fall, before they are to be housed for the winter. Especially is this necessary if the plant has expended its strength in blossoming during the spring and summer months. Plant all the slips you take off, and always be slow to give a fuchsia up for dead. I had one that stood still for three months, a wooden-looking stick, before ever a leaf peeped out. Afterward it turned out a perfect joy. As a class, they thrive best if not too much exposed to the sun's heat, and, if potted, can hardly be watered too freely.

In calling attention to what may be done with flowers in a small way, it is not my purpose to give any special directions in regard to their cultivation. These may drop in from time to time, together with a few seasonable hints, yet the main object is to set people to thinking and working—just the key-note to get the tune properly started. The lover of flowers need never be at a loss while there is a strip of land or a sunny window-sill about the premises. Therefore, I would urge upon everybody, plant something. Drop in the earth a seedlet, so tiny you can scarcely see it, watch it coming into leaf and flower under your fostering care, and it will seem to you a sort of personal creation.

The man that walks in the shadow of bean-flowers he has tended, and picks the red geranium blossoming beneath his touch, feels a sense of security, a pride, almost equal to his who sits under his own vine and fig-tree. Somebody else may own the house, the ground, but the simple fact of planting, watering, and seeing, at last, the lovely harvest ready to be reaped, confers a property in the humblest, most unostentatious growth which no money could secure.

"The person who has no superfluous money to devote to expensive tastes," says a writer on this subject, "may find more true pleasure in modest investments and in diligent application of patience and care than he who orders a tropical garden as he goes down-town in the morning, and finds it all blooming for him when he returns at night. Charles Lamb says, in one of his delightful essays, that the single coveted book which he and Bridget Elia planned and economized to purchase and bore home in triumph, gave them more delight than whole shelves afterward acquired without pains or self-denial. As in the love of books, so in the love of flowers, the small acquisitions which require care, and the simple plants which thank you for your personal attention, may give the truest enjoyment."

Now, a suggestion or two in reference to hanging-baskets. Unless there's a good stout man or boy about the place—a true flower lover, too—never invest in those heavy, oval rustic affairs. They are too weighty for a woman to lift up and down; and, as a

natural consequence, frequently suffer for want of water. Except fresh from the florist's hands, I have never yet seen one in good condition. A little home-made pot or vase suspended by a bit of rusty wire, and overrun with healthy vines, is a delight; a whole veranda of starved, neglected "rustics," a misery. Galvanized wire baskets, lined with moss, will be found to give more genuine satisfaction than all the fancy styles put together. They last for years, are easily handled, and can be thoroughly soaked, daily, in a common water-bucket. Eternal vigilance in this particular is the price of hanging-baskets. (This sentence does not refer to the bucket, but to the soaking.) A little water poured on the surface of the earth, and a great deal running off—it is really astonishing what volumes of water runs off, especially in the house in autumn—will not suffice. Nothing short of complete saturation, at least once a day, preserves the vines in good condition, summer or winter.

Just here let me whisper a secret. If your means are limited, and I shall presume they are—I am not writing for the benefit of those rich enough to order a tropical garden—buy all the moss you need at Christmas time. If used for decorations, soak when you are done with it, and put it in the cellar. When you are ready for it in the spring, a second soaking will restore its original freshness. Having adopted this course myself some years ago, I can safely recommend it. Just before Christmas, moss is abundant, cheap and is brought to market in the proper shape for hanging-baskets. One season I got a whole bushel for fifteen cents. Not one piece over an inch in thickness, every layer firmly knit yet pliable as velvet. A lovely article; a thing of beauty apart from the use to which it was to be appropriated. The summer previous I paid a florist ten cents for mere rags of moss, which proved so sorry a garment it scarcely covered one small basket decently.

As intimated, I am not writing for the benefit of people of large means; neither am I addressing

country folks. I want to reach those whom flowers do not reach, who must work to win them. Still, residents of rural districts may, perhaps, learn something from the simple hints dropped on these pages from time to time. I hope so. No one has more need to love and care for flowers than those about whose door-yard and field-path they creep and cluster, numberless as the stars.

Let us treat our hanging-baskets better then, and have more of them. Above all, let us have more flowering vines. I have often been surprised and grieved over the neglect of these, my special favorites. Except in early spring, when the woodbine, wisteria and other hardy varieties bloom, how seldom do we see anything but the drapery of green over porch or window.

The cypress, that day-star of a flower, is a rarity. Maurandya, thunbergia and Mexican vine equally so. Vines that cling and twine like the love of a woman, and that blossom radiantly as the fancies of a poet, have seldom a name or a place among us.

One floral feature has of late particularly delighted me, that is, a growing interest in window decoration.

When I see a house in blossom from the roof down, I feel sure the hearts and lives under such shelter are full and running over with human kindness. In every such floral alphabet I read:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Let me repeat, then, it will bear repeating, plant something. If it is only a petunia seed in a fruit-can nailed to the window-sill, or a tuft of kennilworth ivy in a cocoanut shell; plant, and let water, air, sunshine and God's smile do the rest. Your neighbor may, probably will, make a finer display; yet of one thing you may be certain, old mother earth is never so rich, so full, as not to be the brighter for that leafage, that bit of blossoming you have placed in her bosom.

MADGE CARROL.

Tray Sermon.

JUST BEYOND.

WE heard, or dreamed, this story of two lost children, a boy and a girl. They had gone for an afternoon's berrying in the fields and woods, and after filling their baskets, started for home. But the sky had become heavily overcast with clouds, so that they couldn't tell the east from the west; and as they had wandered away from old beaten paths and familiar localities, the effort to reach their home ere nightfall proved fruitless. With blank, pale face, and lips trembling with fear, the youngest, a boy, looked up to his companion, as the evening shadows began to creep down among the thick-leaved branches of the trees, and said: "O sister Edie! Are we lost?"

Edie did not answer; but the boy saw the paleness of his own face reflected in hers.

"This is the way, I think."

She did not feel the confidence which she sought to throw into her voice; but she was one year older than her brother, and must, therefore, act for both. She felt the flutter of his hand as it clung to hers tightly.

But the little opening among the trees towards which she hurried terminated, at the end of a hundred yards, in a dense mass of underwood, through which she did not venture to go.

"Are we lost, sister?" again asked the other child.

"It can't be far from home, Willie. We'll soon find our way out of the woods. Don't cry!"

A sob, and then a wail of fear, cut the still air.

"Don't cry. We'll soon be home."

How bravely Edie tried to speak, even while her own heart was sinking. The boy hid his face against her, weeping and shuddering. He had heard about children being lost in the woods, and terror overcame him.

Half forgetting herself, in pity for her affrighted and almost helpless brother, Edie grew brave and strong, instead of cowardly and weak.

"Crying don't do any good, Willie," she spoke in a firm tone; "and we'll never get home, if we stand still."

She moved back the way she had come through the opening among the trees, holding Willie by the hand.

"This is the way. I know it, now." She spoke with more confidence than she felt. Cattle tracks were seen, and she followed them down into deep ravines, along hillside, across narrow clearing, and then into a dense wood, where she lost them in the darkness of coming night—and stood still trembling.

Willie's cry broke out again. He was in despair.

"Hark!" said Edie.

The two children listened.

"What did you hear, Edie?"

The child's voice was unnatural and choking.

"Listen! That's a dog, Willie! That's our Lion!"

"I don't hear any dog, Edie."

"But I do! Come! This is the way!" and Edie pulled Willie after her, through brush and brier, hastening in the direction from which, to her ears, had seemed to come the barking of a dog. Their hands and faces were scratched and their clothes torn—their limbs ached with fatigue—still they kept on, until the edge of the woods was reached, and they saw a wide field stretching beyond.

"It's only a little way, now," said Edie, in a brave, confiding voice.

"But I'm so tired!" moaned Willie, dragging back, "and my foot hurts me."

"Hark! That's it again. That's Lion!"

"I don't hear any dog," answered Willie.

"But I do. Now, walk on briskly. Come, Willie."

Thus urged, the child kept on by the side of his sister, until half across the field; but, his chafed and smarting feet, his aching limbs, and his burden of fear were too much for endurance, and he stood still again, crying sadly.

"Our house is just beyond the hill, over the field, Willie. I heard Lion. Now, do come along. It's getting so dark that we'll be lost, if we don't hurry."

"We're lost now!" sobbed Willie. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" and he cried more distressingly.

"Listen!" said Edie.

Her brother ceased crying.

"What do you hear?"

"That was Lion, barking."

"I don't hear him."

"There, I hear it again. It's Lion. Come! Let's hurry across the field."

Thus urged, faint-hearted little Willie took courage again, and moved onward with his sister, though always a step behind. They were nearly across the field, when both stumbled over a sudden rise in the ground, and then fell forward into a ditch. Edie scrambled quickly to her feet, but Willie lay in helpless despair amid the water and mire. It took all the brave little girl's strength to drag him out, and over to the other side of the ditch, on to the firm, dry ground. Here he lay down in utter abandonment, crying in a low, tremulous wail. Unmindful of her own condition, Edie took off Willie's shoes and poured out the water; then put them on again, and wiped, with handfuls of grass and leaves, the mud from his clothes, speaking all the while comforting and hopeful words. After a time, she persuaded him to walk forward again.

Over the field, into the skirting woods, and across the hill, beyond which Edie was certain their home

lay; and yet no human habitation came in sight. The children stood still and hearkened. In the hush of the gloomy woods, strange low sounds crept into their ears, and undefined terrors oppressed them. Haunting fears of wild beasts, or of savage men who delighted in cruelty and murder—they had read of such things in books—crowded upon their hearts. The courage and self-reliance which had, until now, sustained Edie, were about giving way, when Willie hid his face in her dress, and she felt the weight of his body leaning heavily against her, and its tremors running along her nerves. So, more for his sake than her own, she aroused herself, and with hopeful utterance, moved forward again, drawing him, lagging, weary and sore-footed, after her.

It was night now—moonless and starless night, and very dark. But in a little while the children came to an open road, cut with wagon-tracks. Then they took heart and walked on more quickly.

"We shall soon be home, now," said brave, hopeful Edie.

"But you don't hear Lion any more," answered fearful, doubting Willie.

"Maybe he isn't barking; you know he doesn't bark all the while." That was for Willie's encouragement. His suggestion had shaken her confidence.

A weary half mile, and then Willie would go no farther. Fatigue and hopelessness had driven away the terrors with which darkness had at first oppressed him. It was all in vain that Edie coaxed, persuaded, promised, even scolded in simulated anger. He sat down on the roadside at the foot of a steep hill, and would not stir.

"I know it's just over the hill, Willie. Now, do come a little farther."

"You've kept saying that all the while," answered the boy, fretfully, "and I don't believe it any more."

And yet Edie was right this time. Home lay just beyond. One more effort—one more difficulty subdued—another weary hill ascended, and they would be in their father's house. But Willie's faith, hope, endurance were all gone. No argument could move him, and no suggestion revive his dead confidence; even while Edie wrought with him he went fast asleep. Then it was that the sister's brave heart sunk down despairingly; that her cheeks, dry until now, reflected the starlight from great falling tears; that her sobs, long held back for Willie's sake, shook themselves free, and went forth in dissonant moans upon the air. Sitting down upon the roadside, with the woman's instinctive self-devotion still ruling in her young breast, Edie drew the head of her unconscious brother into her lap, and leaning her wet face down upon his, wept herself into oblivion.

Yet, just beyond, home awaited them! One more effort, and its gleaming windows would have gladdened their eyes. And, for lack of this, they went to sleep, as lost children, out in the cold night, exposed to harms. As the story goes—heard or dreamed, which, it does not signify—a neighbor, returning late that way, found them on the roadside, and bore them in his stout arms home, where, when their senses woke with the awakening morning, they found themselves in safety.

Just beyond! Ah, how many, like these children, sit down despairing on the wayside, in some gloomy valley, with the goal for which they are striving over the next hill of difficulty, and just beyond. Fainting sojourner in the ways of life, never give up your confidence. If the night falls, and the path is lost, still keep a brave heart. Walk onward, warily, because of the darkness, yet ever onward—the good you seek; or, mayhap, a higher and more permanent good is

beyond—just beyond, for all you know, and about rewarding your toilsome efforts. The world is not all wilderness. Night ever gives way to morning. If there are steep and weary hills, there are also level plains and pleasant valleys. If in the forest, press on in courage and patience—you will find the open clearing. If the mountain looks rugged and high, and you are faint and weary, do not sit down in despair at the foot, but gird up your loins and pass to the other side. It may be the last mountain for many a mile, and smiling meadows may lie beyond. If you are lost in a bewildering maze of events which your dull eyes cannot read, still look upward and beyond, pressing forward, though your feet are sore and your tired limbs ache.

Just beyond! Just beyond! For lack of this faith, how many fall in their tracks, going to sleep, with no stout arms to lift them, as the slumbering children were lifted and borne forward to their home.

Never despair! If your motives are right—if, in the midst of errors, and even evils of life into which an evil heart may, when off your guard, have betrayed you, you are still conscious of good and true purposes towards all men; if your aspirations are for the better things of Heaven, do not despair, though

you cannot see a star in the clouded heavens, and no tracks on the ground show that feet have ever passed that way before. It happens to every one, at some period in his life, that he must go into the wilderness alone, and walk, in personal experience, where none but the Incarnate God has walked before. But God knows the way, and if you look to Him and press onward, He will surely bring you out in safety. Oh, do not then despair; no matter how dark the night, how bewildered the way, how high the mountain, walk forward—home may be just beyond at the time you are in sorest doubt.

To all, whether in lowest or highest things, let the admonition come. Never faint, never falter, never abandon yourself to weak fears. In difficulty, in doubt, in danger, ever be on the alert, hopeful and on-pressing; success, accomplishment, home, are beyond, and to gain you must move forward—they must lie *just* beyond. Picture to your mind those lost children asleep in the valley, while just over the next hill-top their home-lights stream from every inviting window; and if you are tempted to give up, like them, arouse yourself, and climb the difficult mountain that lies across your way. It may bring you to all you have striven for through years.

T. S. A.

The Home Circle.

CADDY PARKER.

I DON'T like discontented girls. I will not have one of them about me if I can help it. Now there is one of my best girls who needs so much fussing over and watching all the time to keep her in the straight and narrow way of contentment. It is quite like teaching a baby to walk—to watch and keep the way clear, to see that no joke is perpetrated, to put out a hand here, a help there, to smile and be cheerful, and put in an encouraging word every opportunity. She takes more of my time, and lies heavier on my heart, than any other three of my large family.

This morning she was the last one at the table. I said: "Didn't you hear the bell, Caddy?"

"Yes; but I did wish it wasn't morning. I had the cramp in the toes of my left foot, and that kept me awake a good while; and then Filoon's dog barked as much as an hour in the night; and I worried about my next Friday's essay; and I thought I heard a man under the bed—sounded just like a man snoring;" and here the red lips pouted, and the nostrils dilated, and the rare brown eyes put on a pitiful expression.

"Caddy Parker, ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?" I said, a little tartly, "to come to the table on a clear, crisp, pretty morning like this, and begin to reel off your grievances in such a no-lady style as that! Why, the very pictures on the window-panes—the dainty, delicate, ferny frost-work—ought to make you ashamed of yourself! Look at them! There are pictures of the most luxuriant tropical scenery; cacti in branches and bunches, palm-trees, great plumes of nodding ferns, banks of vines and flowers, birds with drooping feathers, pools of still water and slopes of lush reeds and grasses, sedge clumps, old logs half buried in plushy mosses; and from every outreaching branch hang the trails and fine tracery of vines, dotted with berries that are crimson in the original,

but only airy frost-work in this picture. Look, Caddy, and forget how your toes curled up with a twinge of momentary cramp, or mere contraction of unimportant muscular pain of a minute's duration in the night. Forget the snoring of the man-myth under your bed; and forget—"

Here the girl put her hands up over her face and hid it, while the blushes flamed out between her fingers.

Then we all laughed at her. Kitty was busy out in the kitchen baking the buckwheat cakes, and she thrust her head in and joined in the merriment. Pooh! to come to the table with such a nonsensical tirade of complaints; to heap such twaddle upon a family of girls and women! If she could not bring good cheer, how much better to keep silence, or to put on a pleasant demeanor, and pretend, if nothing more.

I think it is shameful to hunt up causes of complaint and whining, and go about perpetually whimpering, and seeking to cast shadows where all should be bright and healthful sunshine.

If Caddy is clear-starching her collars and cuffs, she goes about it as if she were digging a grave for her grandmother; she catches long breaths, and sighs; she walks as though burdened with cares; her mouth pulls down at the corners, and her eyebrows arch themselves disconsolately. She will say: "Well, I suppose I'd better get the job done. The sooner I get at it, the sooner I'll get through. Oh, I wish clean cuffs and collars grew, and all we had to do was to go out and gather a few whenever the other ones got soiled."

When we are starting to church or society meeting, she will say: "Dear me, I wish people could fly like birds!" Or, "I wish a glittering carriage with match horses would drive up and take me there."

Caddy is not content with her lot. She will find fault with everything; not so much because everything is at fault, but because she has fallen into an

idle, aimless, thoughtless way of being contrary—not ugly-contrary, but heedlessly so.

Now this is a fault with men as well as with women. They look for flaws—they are determined to find them; and if they don't see them, they imagine that they do, and growl accordingly.

The other day, after we came from church, she said: "Anybody would know that Nan Wentworth powdered. Why, her face looks like china. I think that powder, nor nothing else, can help her case, she is so distressingly homely."

"Homely!" I said. "Homely" said Esther; and, "Nannie homely! Why, Caddy Parker! how can you say that?" said Josephine.

Then the conversation turned on "Handsome or not handsome!" "Who are beautiful?" "How to be beautiful," etc. I wish I could tell all of you girl-readers just what was said that day at the dining-table of Chatty Brooks. The older ones, who had known that blessed woman, Miss Wentworth, for years, saw only the reflection, in her plain, pale, serene face, of a soul chastened, and pure, and beautiful.

To me she appeared an angel—her very gait was that of one set apart, a priestess, a woman crowned, sanctified, blessed among women. Her heart-history, the record of the years of her life was familiar to me. In her girlhood she was betrothed to one whom we all deemed worthy of her affection. Her father died, and when his estate was settled, his means were barely sufficient to afford his family a tolerable living. There were three children, Nannie the eldest, and the mother an invalid. The daughter could not marry then, and leave this family without a head. The lover proposed that Nannie's sister assume the responsibility, and give freedom to his intended bride; but to this selfish proposal she strenuously objected. He sullenly waited. The younger sister went to learn a trade, and the brother was placed at school. Stella, the sister, was a giddy girl, and required constant watching and wise counsel; but, in spite of all surveillance, she ran away with a poor clerk, and they were married. About the time the brother was old enough to learn a trade, the crowning affliction came to the sad life of the mother, and she was left blind.

Then Nannie offered freedom to her lover; he hesitated, and urged some kind of an arrangement. He was not willing to wed Nannie and take her mother as his mother. He wanted an "undivided heart," not that his wife should belong to both husband and mother. She loved the young man, whom she had known from childhood; her very soul seemed knitted to his, but with a face as white as the mountain snow she indignantly scorned the thought of leaving her old mother to the mercies of hands that money recompense for their care. She flung back upon him the tokens, and pledges, and gifts of happier hours, and resented his selfish propositions.

Then Stella died, and left an infant a few days old. Her last words were: "Give my baby to Nannie." So, with this new charge added to the sorrow already laid upon this dear, devoted woman, came the intelligence, that in a fit of anger and spite, her lover had married another, a frivolous girl, unfit for any man's wife.

How hard this seemed, one blow after another; and yet she bore all bravely. She stood firm and smiling, and looked the gloomy future squarely in the face—her frail hand on the lever that brought happiness or woe to other lives than her own. This was years ago.

The brother that Nannie cared for is now one of our best business men; the little Stella is a fair, sweet,

promising little maiden, in long dresses; the mother lives, and is happy, though verging upon second childhood—she is as helpless as an infant; Nannie is hands and feet, eyes and life to this afflicted creature. No woman is more blessed than is this fair, pale, sweet-faced, devoted daughter. To the young she may seem homely; but to us, who have read the grand record of her life of self-abnegation, she stands alone in the royalty of her crowned womanhood, little lower than the angels.

The children of Allen Ray, her former lover, climb over her lap, and fold their warm arms about her neck and kiss her, and call her "dear auntie," and "old sweetie," and "my mamma-girl," and they run to her with all their aches, and pains, and cuts, and burns, and hungry spells, and she ministers to their wants so graciously and lovingly.

She is like good cheer to everybody; she is the mother-confessor to all the girls, advises all the women, soothes the troubled, comforts the sick, counsels the erring, strengthens the weak, pets the babies, and plans all the parties and lends a helping hand in every good work proposed or carried on.

The love given to the light of her girlhood is turned now, so that it blesses every one who comes within its reach. It is like a stream that began a little, narrow rill, and was hemmed in by close, steep banks—the girlhood's sorrow swept away the boundaries, and now it flows a wide stream, fructifying the valleys and

"Washing half the roots of the mighty forest,
Yet tells no tale of all the good it does."

Her influence falls like a gentle rain in the parched summer-time. Who can call her homely but the young maiden, in the gush of her soft sentimentality, in the full flush of roses, and lilies, and curls, and dimples? She is our Saint Nannie, and we resent any hints of dishonest powder, or carmine, or any of the petty and pretty feminine strategies of the present artful times, or the "tricks of the trade."

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise,
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness and peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its sweet perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

CHATTY BROOKS.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

MY husband being a minister, it falls to my lot to witness many marriage ceremonies, under widely varied circumstances. Sometimes a brilliant party fills our quiet parlor with the rustle of rich silks and flutter of laces and ribbons, the gleam of jewelry, and the sweet odors of hot-house blossoms; the sound of low-toned talk, and soft, silvery laughter. Again, the twain to be made one come alone, or with but one or two companions, simply attired, shy and silent, but none the less glad and hopeful. Well can we imagine how soon their tongues are loosed, once safe beyond our hearing!

Our sympathies and good wishes follow them in either case; though, if there be any difference—my heart is *most* tender to the shy, little maid with the simple gray or brown alpaca, and no bridal-finery but a white flower or ribbon, and foamy knot of white

lace at her throat; and the sturdy young fellow, with clear eyes and brown hands, who speaks out his "I will" with his heart in it, although a little louder and more eagerly than need requires.

Such a couple were here to-night. After they departed, husband had to rush off in hot haste to a distant meeting; and left thus alone, my thoughts ran thus: Now, if they will but keep love with them all the way, they will never regret this evening, but keep it as an ever-bright memory and talisman of good. The honey-moon may and should last for life; and even when youth is past, and "silver threads are 'mid the gold," the married pair may be lovers yet. Let neither expect absolute perfection in the other; let each bear and forbear as occasion requires, trying to please each other as they did in days of courtship.

It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste, than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Or if, in the course of time, it does become more difficult, amid the cares of the household, let her still make the effort; she will find her reward.

Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim and provide for every fancy of his lady-love. And let him show his appreciation of *her* efforts, and be not quick to blame and slow to praise, or even simply indifferent.

The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet and maidenly delicacy which charmed the lover, will not be less lovely in the wife; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy and respectful attention of the lover are not less sweet from the husband.

Years will pass, and youth with them; cares will burden, labors increase and troubles come. Happy couple, who find each other their best *earthly* refuge and comfort, in little trials as well as great; their home a little bower of rest and peace, however humble, away from all the worries of the outside world. On such a home the blessing of God *must* rest, for without seeking His aid and guidance it cannot be made such.

O husbands and wives, be *tender* as well as *true*! It is not enough to be faithful; and, having declared your love once, leave each other to take it for granted all the rest of your lives. No, let it speak and smile all along your way. Not in vain speaks Christ: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."

Above all, let no third person come between you twain, neither father nor mother, child nor friend. Till death part, let naught else part you. In most cases you will find each other the safest advisers. Love's keen intuition often takes the place of wisdom.

My young couple have gone their way, quite unconscious of the reverie with which the thoughts of one happy wife have followed them, but some other pair may like to read them, so here they are.

MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

LET your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable and lawful; the use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not abandon lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their Maker.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 25.

"The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun."

SOFT winds, swelling buds, bird-songs and spring sunshine over all the land. Who is not glad to exchange old winter for his bright-faced daughter, whose coming stirs the heart of the world? How pleasant to hear again the blue-bird's note at early morning; to watch the leaf-buds growing green on the brown branches; to see great billows of snowy, fleece-like clouds float over a blue sky, and catch from the air that breath of freshness and softness combined, which nothing but spring air holds.

Oh, sweet awakening time of the year's life, whose coming for so long brought me sad longings and memories, can it be that I may once more feel joy in your presence? When I could only stand for a few minutes, supported by a helping arm, in the sunlight and outer air, or sit half an hour in an easy chair on the porch to watch the beauty around me, and then be shut again within the walls of my shaded room for days, there was more pain than pleasure in it. Now, to be able to walk about the house by myself, when and where I will, to sit by the open window, drinking in the freshness and fragrance, and feel the soft breeze playing in my hair, to take care of my violets with my own hands, and even to venture out in the yard a few minutes to look at some budding bush or freshly springing flower, is so different, I cannot but enjoy it. With freedom from pain the most of the time, and with such pleasant things around me, I should surely have an ungrateful heart if I did not do so.

One morning last week I sat in my chair by the fire, before breakfast, and watched the sun rise through my eastern window—the first time for eleven years. I was so proud of the achievement, that I have repeated it several times. My room has always been so situated that I could never see the morning sun from my bed, and thus have been deprived of one of nature's grand and beautiful pictures. Now I anticipate witnessing it often during the summer.

Floy has returned from her winter visit, and a few nights ago Lizzie gave her a little party. Just a few couples—enough to make a pleasant sociable. I spent a good part of the evening among them, and enjoyed very much seeing the merry time they had. Some of my favorite girls were here, and three or four of the company were good musicians and singers, so we had some beautiful music. When not talking, it was pleasant amusement to watch the faces around me, and contrast one with another. Some were so bright, they seemed to reflect sunshine from everything. Others looked grave and sober, except when actually laughing. I saw two or three pairs of eyes that spoke every emotion felt by their owners; while in some I could read nothing.

The guests left at half-past eleven, and I went to bed quite tired out with excitement and sitting up so much, but next morning felt rested and almost as well as usual, showing that the unwonted dissipation had not hurt me.

Floy remained with me all night, and next day we had plenty of talking to do, which made a whole morning pass very rapidly. Excitement does not seem to touch her. She moved that night among her friends, from whom she had been separated so long,

looking bright and happy, yet calm and self-possessed, as if only in her own home circle.

A winter of gayety in the city has not spoiled her any, and she had many interesting things to tell me. One in particular, was an interview with an unknown friend of mine, who has written me several times during the last year, and whom Floy sought out because of the interest we both felt in her letters. She found her in a beautiful room, where every comfort that love and good taste could devise surrounded her. In a sunny southern window plants were blooming, although wintry weather reigned without. Books, pictures and pretty articles of use and ornament were on every hand, but the presiding genius seemed to be the invalid girl, still young and lovely, though suffering had left its mark upon the fair face which laid upon the pillows of a lounge, drawn near the fire. Light brown curls clustered over a beautiful head, and in the tender, earnest eyes, a welcome shone for the young stranger.

Floy was delighted with her visit. The invalid could rarely sit up for more than a few minutes, and could not walk at all; but she was so bright and cheerful, so interested in what was going on about her, so sweet and cordial in her manner, and spoke of being happy in the many things she had to enjoy. Her mother, a dear old lady, with silver-gray hair, and a bright, rosy-faced, young sister, were in the room during Floy's visit, and she said it was very easy, even during her short stay, to see their love and tenderness towards the helpless one.

I know, from her letters, that she is rich in home-love, if she has many other privations, and that she appreciates it deeply. She had already found a warm place in my heart, and this story of her increases my interest.

I received a pleasant little letter from her at New Year, with a pretty New Year's card, and another from a young friend in Boston, with something of the same kind in it. A little cross, wreathed with a vine of delicate flowers and leaves, and "A Happy New Year!" printed under it.

This year still brings me letters—some from fresh writers—friends of whom I have never heard before—all of them containing something pleasurable, and often touching to my feelings. From Maryland, from Philadelphia, New York, and even far-away Boston. It always causes regret that I cannot answer each. It seems like a slight, after the kind interest, even affection, which they express; but it is impossible for me to do so, as writing is such trying work for my eyes. And I wish them all to feel that I appreciate and care for their letters, if I cannot write to each one. Only once during the winter have I been to visit Hope. There has been so much to prevent my going out; and, meantime, I have removed so far from her neighborhood, that I do not see her here near as often as I would like.

She is a devoted little wife and housekeeper, and their home is a bright, cheerful place. Neatness and refined taste make it beautiful, without the aid of wealth; and she and Charlie seem as happy as two mortals, with mortal imperfections and feelings can possibly be. Hope worked a beautiful motto for me a few weeks ago. The words, "Forget me not," in shaded crimson and brown silk, with little green tendrils and vines twining around them, and in the centre a tiny spray, worked with her own rich auburn hair. Charlie had it framed, and it hangs opposite my bed, in my own room.

The fading light warns me to rest my eyes; but, before I say good-night, I must copy here the beautiful lines, which have been in my mind so often, since

I heard Floy's story of the invalid girl. For her case seems another strong instance, or proof, of the blessed law of compensation:

"Forever, from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!"

LICHEN.

FROM PIPSEY'S BASKET.

THAT'S her letter—beautiful penmanship, not a word misspelled—and how polite she is, and withal, so cute, and roguish, and funny. She says: "My hair, eyes, eyebrows, lashes and complexion are all off the same piece. I am tow-colored, and I cannot make myself look pretty. Everybody says, 'Wear blue;' 'Oh, blue suits your complexion;' 'Aye, your hair and face requires blue;' 'Wish I could wear blue, but I'm so black and tawney.' I often wish I were a good black—black eyes, and black skin, and jet-black hair—but I'm just the color of tow—a dead, tame, monotonous drab-y tow. Do tell me something—tell me how I can fix myself, and look interesting, and even a little bit pretty."

Only think of such a letter sent to me, Pipsey, as if I knew all "these tricks that are dark," and could advise and give reliable information. Now, I am just as accommodating as I can live. I'd do everything for the tow-y girl; but, indeed, I do not know, and so I hail out to the girls, and tell them what I want.

Ida is sweeping and dusting about the kitchen and dining-room, and she says: "Write on, I'll be thinking on the subject while I'm working, and I'll study up lots of things." Lily is combing and fixing her hair—such hair! As I passed her, just now, I could not resist burying my lover-like face in the great rippling, flowing mass of goldy-brown that floated in waves and masses adown her back and shoulders. It was so pretty, and clean, and bright, and well cared for.

I said: "Come, Dolly, you know, don't you, what the poor creature ought to do? Now, tell me, for she wrote that letter to me away in June of last summer, and it must be answered, and I concluded to reply to it through the magazine, then all the girls would know."

So she began, and said: "Well, tell her, if she is in dead earnest, she'd better dye the hair a little about her temples at the same time that she dyes her eyebrows and eyelashes."

I winced a little, but she continued: "You know you like Lizzie Lincoln, Pipsey, and she uses a little touch of deception—so, don't go to getting over-honest, now; well, tell her to make a decoction of walnut-juice, and keep it in a bottle all the year round, and apply it with a small hair-pencil to the eyebrows, and eyelashes, and the whitish hair about the temples. Her own judgment will tell her how often to use it. It is a harmless device, and hurts no one. Tow-y hair shows a lack of iron in the system, and such girls should run out-doors bare-headed a good deal, that will darken the hair and give the complexion a color of life, and an indication that there really is a living flow of red blood hid away in the veins."

Lily says that Lizzie Lincoln's very lips were pale and dim, and almost tow-colored, too; and that Lizzie did not scruple to touch them a little with cold-cream, into which her druggist put a few drachms of carmine. She says: "Tell her that no color of hair

is ugly, if it is brushed often and kindly cared for; it will become so soft and lovely and glossy, and the life in it will creep to the very ends, which should be cut off once a month, until it is perfectly even."

My little adviser says: "Let me tell her what to wear if she wants to make the most of her charms. A maroon cashmere or merino, with a delicate rose-pink bow at her throat, and a small bow of the same shade in her hair; it will brighten her up wonderfully; and black, relieved by transparent ruches, with black velvet rosettes in her hair. If she is thin about the neck and ears, the ruches must come up high, and must be full and abundant. White lace about the wrists instead of cuffs. She says seal-brown is another color she can wear with advantage with pink ribbons. Ruchings and puffings of white lace, illusion or tulle about the bosom are very becoming to thin women. Let her studiously avoid the colors of light grays, and drabs, and browns." And here Lily snaps her eyes half-angrily and says: "You know, Pipesey, that color of women always choose that fatal color of dresses. Why, half the brides in the whole world select that shade for wedding-dresses. Nearly all the women who are hopelessly unattractive need only strength of expression and a good complexion to make them quite handsome. They are to blame for it themselves; they might laugh, and 'cut up,' and tell stories, and be natural, and get outside of the rigid, bigoted rules they have built around themselves like an impassable Chinese wall."

One reason of homely women is, that they lead such dull, die-away, doleful, dismally passive lives; they never wake up; their blood is sluggish; while people of active emotions nearly always have handsome faces. They laugh, and talk, and sing, and weep, and grow jolly, and their features, constantly played upon by pleasurable emotions, grow beautiful, or at least attractive.

Walking for exercise is good for one's health, unless it is an aimless tramp. Let there always be something at the other end of the walk for recompense.

Bathing is absolutely necessary, if one cares for good health or good looks; but judgment should be exercised in regard to it. Never bathe immediately after eating, or while very warm, and bathe only when it rests and invigorates.

Ida says, perhaps the girl will object to running out in the sunshine bareheaded for the sake of her hair growing darker and her complexion lively; that fear of sunburn and freckles may cause her to hesitate which to choose. If a girl is bright and cheerful, and her heart aglow with animation, no one ever thinks of the freckles that come and go with the summer months; nor do they care for the red and brown tint that the familiar sunshine has left upon cheek, and neck, and brow. Any woman receives ample compensation for all the sunburn she gets.

The "lots" that Ida tells me, is the substance of what I have written, only she relates an incident which I had forgotten, in connection with the suggestion that a hint of pretty green is very becoming to blonde hair, and then she laughed and reminded me of it.

A few years ago her own hair was a decided dead tow color, although it was long and glossy, and as pretty as that color could be.

We were all invited to spend the evening at "the Major's," and one of the features of the entertainment was, that Professor Looker, the phrenologist, would give delineations. I remember when Ida sat in the chair before the gentleman, he remarked that she had no taste in selecting and combining colors; then he looked over towards me with a questioning eye, and

I answered back in the same mute language. "Ah, sir!" I knew better.

He stood with her little chin resting in his palm, and one hand among her clustering curls an instant then stepped back, and his glance took in her figure from head to foot, and he softly said: "Her taste was faultless this time."

She was dressed in soft, clinging, black cashmere, a pleated ruff of the same about the neck lined with silk, rose pink, with full, transparent white ruchings inside, her hair in curls, caught back from the sides and temples loosely, and tied with a narrow bright green ribbon that ran in and out among the curls, while the loops and ends mingled with and lighted them up charmingly. Had her dress been gray or steel color, the ribbon would have played the mischief, and stamped her as a dowdy, who dressed in violation of all rules of good taste. Green ribbon must be used sparingly with any color of clothing worn.

I must stop right here to tell you something that may be new to many of you. A few minutes ago I noticed the deacon slammed the door so frequently, as though it was hard to close, and I went out and put some oil on the hinges and on the catch, at the same time warning the girls to be careful of their clothes. I overdone the job of oiling, for I added a little lard to it. In less than an hour, I went to the kitchen to make some Graham bread for supper, and in passing in and out of that unlucky door, I do believe my basque brushed against that greasy place every time. I happened to remember it, and twisting my head around to the right, I saw that good second-best suit shamefully showing the very white lard; twisting to the left, I found the other side quite as badly used.

I hailed out: "O children, I've ruined this good basque! What would you do?"

Ida poured a spoonful of liquid ammonia in half a pint of warm water, and sponged the places with a cloth wet in it, wrung the cloth, wiped the goods, dipped and sponged, and dried thoroughly, and then with a cloth and clean, warm water rinsed the ammonia all out, pressed with a paper spread over it; and I've just been looking at it this morning, and really I cannot find where the grease was. It removed it completely.

We wear large aprons about our kitchen work; but the basque was long, and not covered entirely by the apron. I tell the girls that we must have one or two bib-aprons with long sleeves made, to put over our afternoon dresses, while we are cooking and washing dishes, and doing work in which even with the most scrupulous care accidents will happen.

But ammonia for grease-spots, and oxalic acid for stains, should always be in the reach of one's hands.

When I think of it, I am surprised at the charming facilities for doing everything, and doing it well. The times are so progressive, that one has to breathe fast to keep up with them. It is worth while to live now; it "pays" in every sense, and our lives can be made so enjoyable and so full of interest if we only will let them be so. We should not brace ourselves stubbornly and complain and whine for the "good old days," for truly the very fruits of the old days gone are with us now, they are ours to gather and rejoice over and grow mellow upon.

The deacon and I talk these things over often in the twilights of the evenings and the mornings, and I tell him he is blest that he has the privilege of dwelling on the earth even in these goodly days, and that instead of touching on a minor chord of 'plaining, he should sing the dear old doxology all the

time. Instead of holding fast to the memory of the "good old days," he should let go and drift with the multitudes on the bosom of the now. Life's possibilities are grand to all; the lever that moves the world is in easy reach of every hand that stretches out with an earnest will. It is good to live, to feel

the blessed sunshine of the marvelous present beaming down upon our bared faces, and strengthening, and invigorating, and renewing our souls. All the requisites for happiness are within ourselves.

PIPSEY POTTS.

The Temperance Cause.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WASTE IN DRINK.

FEW persons have any idea of the vast amount of wine, malt liquors and ardent spirits which are consumed by the people of this country and Europe—a consumption the enormous cost of which annually impoverishes millions.

In England, the excise returns show that in the seven years previous to January 1st, 1877, the liquor bill of the people was nine hundred and forty million eight hundred and sixty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine pounds! Remark on this fact, R. F. Mushet, of Cheltenham, England, says: "It matters not that one hundred thousand British subjects die annually a drunkard's death. It matters not that jails and lunatic asylums are crammed with the victims of the liquor-venders. It is beneath our statesmen's notice that two millions of drink-created paupers hang, like a dead weight, upon the energies of the nation, whilst tens of thousands of English girls become, through drink, the outcasts of the streets. If one hundred thousand victims are killed off annually, it matters not; for the brewers, the distillers, the licensed victuallers, the beer-house keepers and the grocers are fully equal to the manufacture of one hundred thousand more inebriates to fill up the death-roll for the coming year; and the drink rot, eating like a cancer into the vitals of the nation, nevertheless continues to yield to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that revenue of sin which brands England with degradation and infamy in the eyes of every right-thinking man and woman capable of understanding the question."

The consumption of beer in Germany is something incredible. We learn from an article in the *Full Mill Gazette*, that, in addition to the wine consumed, twenty gallons of beer per head of the population of Germany are drank annually. In Alsace-Lorraine, the consumption is only nine gallons per head, while in Bavaria it reaches the enormous quantity of fifty gallons per head!

And what of Bavaria, so famous for her beer? How is she progressing in material wealth, in education, in moral culture, under the influence of fifty gallons of beer per head? An article published last year in the *International Review*, gives some facts and figures which throw considerable light on this subject, and which the advocates of beer-drinking would do well to ponder. Lying between Prussia and Austria, and intersected by the Danube, Bavaria has a uniform climate, and a soil capable of a variety of products. All the cereals can be cultivated, and cattle raised with facility. Yet agriculture is said to be unprogressive. The peasants are still using wooden hay-forks, and it is as late as 1873 that a German-American delighted them with a small importation of steel implements. The population, by a very slow increase during the century, has now reached the number of barely five millions. The effectiveness of labor is represented as low. Whereas

in the United States one laborer is able to look after thirty-two acres of arable land, in Bavaria one worker on the average sees to but eleven acres. In other words, labor has but one-third the effect. In respect to the social condition of the people, it is affirmed that "one-third of all the recorded births in the kingdom outside of the Palatinate (one-half in Munich) are illegitimate." Infanticide is declared to be so common as to be characteristic. Wages are quoted at the highest as from thirty to forty cents per day for a farm hand. It has little foreign commerce. The following words give in summary the state of the kingdom: "In Bavaria we find a northern nation, Teutonic by origin and continued residence, a nation speaking the German language, inspired by German literature, and surrounded on all sides by German-speaking peoples, which, notwithstanding, in every element of its social and industrial progress, exhibits those features of backwardness, stagnation and decay commonly ascribed exclusively to Italy and Spain."

The explanation of this non-progressive condition of Bavaria is clear when we find little or nothing mentioned under the head of manufacture but "Breweries" and "Stills." In 1868, Bavaria, exclusive of the Palatinate, had five thousand breweries, using ten and one-half millions of bushels of malt, and producing one hundred and seventy millions of gallons of beer, valued at twenty-eight millions of dollars. At the same time the country had forty-three hundred brandy stills, producing twelve hundred thousand gallons of that liquor. These are astonishing figures, and a few comparisons will convince one that they contain no small part of the true theory of the kingdom's "backwardness, stagnation and decay." Bavaria can raise wheat as well as barley. Her people need the wheat, or, if she had it to spare, she is surrounded by a market; yet she chooses to raise more barley than wheat, and turns the grain into beer. She keeps one man manufacturing liquors to every two and a half men in all her cotton, wool, flax and hemp manufactories together.

In the United States, the people drink, every year, about three hundred and fifty millions of gallons of wines, malt liquors and spirits, at a cost of over seven hundred millions of dollars; or a sum, as statistics tell us, nearly equal to the cost of all the flour, cotton and woolen goods, boots and shoes, clothing, books and newspapers, purchased by the people in the same period of time!

Is it any wonder that we have poverty, wretchedness and crime among the lower classes, on whom the curse of intemperance falls most heavily?

"HAVE inebriate Congressmen," says Joseph Cook, in one of his lectures, "any account to settle with their constituents? Has the day gone by when it is a good electioneering argument for a candidate in this country that he gets drunk?" Let the people make a note of this.

Fashion Department.

SPRING FASHIONS.

WRAPS and jackets for the street have all the peculiarities of gentlemen's coats, added to the coquetties and graces of a lady's jacket or paletot. Among the newest models is an English coat, with cutaway fronts and box pockets. The collar rolls, and there are lapels and cuffs, all of which may be seen in silk or velvet, to contrast with invisible plaids, basket-cloths, bourettes and other Spring goods.

An elegant model for a wrapper has been issued. It is double-breasted, and may be adjusted in front by sewing the belt to the dart seams, or the belt may be worn about the figure, if preferred. The centre of the back is laid in narrow lengthwise plaits, in accordance with the latest caprice of Fashion. They are folded narrower at the belt-line, and flare as they approach the neck, and widen again as they descend toward the separate portion or demi-train, which is added to the wrapper under standing plaitings and a galloon or a fold of the goods. An outside pocket, a standing collar, and sleeves trimmed to suit the taste, complete the form of this handsome garment. Its materials are woolsens that are woven in flannels, lady's-cloths, cashmeres, etc.

For outside wraps for misses, there are many novel styles. There is a new and handsome Ulster that is just like a grown lady's. It has a close, single-breasted sack front, and three fitting seams shape the back. A standing collar, a triplet of capes, side-

pockets, and button-trimmed overlaps upon the sleeves complete this stylish and useful garment. Waterproofs, summer Meltons and rough cloths may be selected for it, and the triple cape may be finished separately, to remove when the garment is worn in warm, yet stormy weather. All its edges are finished as plainly and simply as possible.

Happy is the lady who has many bundles of remnants of pretty goods laid away in her closets, because vests, revers, pocket-laps, collars and cuffs upon garments of coatings or suitings can be made stylish by them.

There are two new styles for over-skirts. One model has an apron front, that is fitted to the belt by darts, and is capriciously and effectively slashed at the bottom. It has a pretty pocket, and the back is full and draped at one side with buttons to ornament it. Slashed edges, or any fashionable trimmings, will be added to the sides and front, while the back will be trimmed, if at all, in a contrasting style.

The other over-skirt model is long, and also fitted by darts. It has four deep, upturned cross-plaits in front, that terminate in the side seams, and a very handsome pocket is upon one side. The back is long, and attached to the front under buttons and simulated button-holes. It is draped by under-tapes, and is cross-gauged or shirred at the top to the depth of several inches. The front and back generally contrast in their decorations, provided any trimmings at all are added. These skirts may be worn with full waists or basques, and will be very popular.

New Publications.

History of the Woman's Temperance Crusade. A Complete Official History of the Wonderful Uprising of the Christian Women of the United States against the Liquor Traffic, which Culminated in the Gospel Temperance Movement. By Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. Published at the office of the *Christian Woman*, No. 11 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia.

The work of preparing a history of that remarkable movement among the Christian women of America, known as the Temperance Crusade, could not have been committed to one better qualified for the task than Mrs. Wittenmyer, the president of the Woman's National Christian Union, an organization which grew immediately out of the Crusade, and into which all its best forces were drawn and crystalized.

In her preface to this deeply interesting volume, in which, to use her own words, "The women who walked with God in the fiery furnace of the Crusade have been allowed, as far as possible, to tell of their work in their own words," the author says: "In this record there are glimpses of home-life, 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' for these women are true home-makers; there are scenes in churches where the awful solemnity is broken only by sobs of strong men, as women, with lofty, Heaven-born heroism, go out as God's chosen leaders in a holy war; there are scenes in the streets, where bands of pure, true women, surrounded by a howling mob, kneel in snow, and

with the light of the excellent glory on their faces, pray as did their Master for just such another blaspheming, howling mob: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' and then out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, guided by an invisible hand, sheltered by unseen wings, pass through the jeering, filth-reeking, angry crowd unharmed."

There are many things in this book that will tax the reader's credulity. But the facts given are all well authenticated, and cannot be disproved. "Nothing, perhaps, could be more incredible," says the author, "than the accounts, oft repeated, of the base and cowardly indignities heaped upon American women, in their own land, by foreigners, who were protected in their outrages by the Stars and Stripes, for which many of these women had given their husbands, sons and brothers." And she adds, in one of her clear, outspoken sentences: "The liquor traffic in this country is mainly in the hands of a low class of foreigners, and they are responsible for all the mobs, and nearly all the insults offered to Christian women engaged in the Crusade." The book contains 781 pages, and is sold for \$2.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Gray Abbey. A Novel. By the Author of "Jack Blake," "Over Turf and Stubble," "Won in a Canter," etc. (Star Series.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

My Intimate Friend. A Novel. By Florence I. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Too Rich. A Romance. After the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister, Translator of "The Second Wife," "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Love and Duty. By Mrs. Hubbuck, Author of "The Wife's Sister," "May and December," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Something Better. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Two Ways to Matrimony; or, False Pride. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Through a Needle's Eye. By Hesba Stretton, Author of "Bede's Charity," "The King's Servants," etc. New York: Dodd, Meade & Co.

The Phantom Wedding. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Editor's Department.

Harvard Examinations for Women.

WE have received a circular relating to the Harvard examinations of women for the current year, and, as a matter of special interest to our readers, give the following particulars of the examination in this city:

Harvard University has established examinations for women, which entitle them to receive a certificate of proficiency in a general course of study, and to pursue more advanced special courses under the direction of the University. These examinations will be held for this year in the first two weeks of June in Philadelphia, Cambridge or Boston, New York City and Cincinnati. In each of these cities there is a committee of women recognized by the University and charged with the duty of assembling classes, and giving information and aid to candidates. The Philadelphia Committee wish it to be known that their mission is not confined to that city, and that applications will be received from women residing in any part of the State of Pennsylvania and its vicinity. They should be addressed to the secretary, No. 401 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

The June examinations will be held in Philadelphia, in a room provided by the Committee; two members will always be present. The examinations are strictly private. One of the University professors will attend with written questions, which are to be answered in writing by the class; these examination papers are submitted to the Faculty of the University, and the candidates who pass receive a certificate of the fact signed by the president. Teachers, girls who have finished their education at a boarding-school or seminary, and women who propose studying at home either singly or in classes, should be able to pass the preliminary examination, and will find an advantage in doing so, as it will be evidence that they have taken a general course of study with a degree of proficiency that is required by a strict and publicly recognized standard. Generally, they will need to make some special preparation for it, as it covers a wider range of subjects than is included in an ordinary school course.

The preliminary certificate issued to candidates entitles them to proceed to the Advanced Examination, which offers a special course of study in one or more of five departments, namely: Languages, Natural Science, Mathematics, History and Philosophy. The successful candidate will receive a Harvard certificate of proficiency in one or all of said departments.

In this system of examination, Harvard is imitating Cambridge, Oxford and other English Universities. In England, where these extra examinations

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have been in operation for a number of years, their usefulness is generally recognized; schools for girls arrange their studies with references to their requirements, and it is said that in 1875 University examinations were held at fifty-six places, that there were one thousand five hundred and fifty-two candidates, and that one school in London has sent up to the Cambridge Examinations one hundred girls.

Any of our readers who wish further information on this subject can obtain it by writing to the secretary of the Philadelphia Local Committee.

A Rebuke Well Administered.

THE rude manner of too many of our young American girls who, because of the wealth or public position of their parents or relatives, get access to what is known as good society, is well rebuked in this incident, related by the Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Inquirer*: "It was in speaking of Madame Yoshida (wife of the Japanese Minister, a gentle and accomplished lady), that Mrs. Fish took occasion to rebuke a flippant young girl in Washington society, who said to her: 'O Mrs. Fish, have you seen that madame from Japan? How in the world are you going to civilize her?' 'Civilize her?' said Mrs. Fish. 'Miss—, Madame Yoshida could teach us civilization, and not we instruct her. I hope her gentle, civilizing presence will be felt among a certain set in Washington, which, from what I see and hear, are so barbarous in their manners that they need a missionary to civilize them.' The young lady was subdued."

The Aged.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I make for a friend, and reader of your magazine, the request that you will call upon your contributors for some hints and instructions relative to the care of the aged; more especially, instructing as to the means of preserving their health, etc. Much is everywhere written for the benefit of children and the middle-aged, but scarce even a word for the 'old man of the house,' whose days, by intelligent and judicious treatment might be much prolonged."

A FINE chromo of Moses presenting the tables of stones, from the celebrated picture in the Louvre, has just been published, and will no doubt have a large sale. All the striking effects of the original seem to have been well preserved.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' RIDING COSTUME.—(For Description see Next Page.)

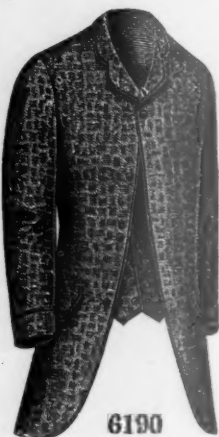
FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' RIDING COSTUME.—(For Illustration see Preceding Page.)

FIGURE NO. 1.—Lady's-cloth is the material made up in the costume illustrated, while braid and buttons are used in completing the basque and constitute the only trimming. The bottom of the skirt is turned up for a deep hem, in which is often inserted shot or thin strips of lead, to keep the skirt from flying up when the wearer is riding rapidly. The pattern to the skirt is No. 6180, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, while its price is 35 cents.

The basque has a notched front skirt and a flat postilion skirt at the back, and is handsomely fitted by bust darts, under-arm gores and side-backs, together with a seam at the center. The pattern is No. 6181, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, while its price is 30 cents. To make the habit for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 54 inches wide will be required, the basque calling for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the skirt for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

LADIES' COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 6190.—The pattern for this garment may be used for any suit or coat material, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



Front View.



Back View.



6185

LADIES' SKIRT.

No. 6185.—This skirt is of a comfortable walking length, and may be trimmed plainly or elaborately, as dictated by the taste of the wearer. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required.



Front View.



Back View.

LADIES' HALF-FITTING, BELTED JACKET.

No. 6187.—The pattern to this garment may be employed in making up prints, gingham, percales or cambrics with satisfactory results; and trimming of any description appropriate to the material may be added to a garment cut by it. The belt may be omitted at the option of the wearer, as the garment is gracefully fitted at the back, and the front in clinging but not close outlines. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6191

Front View.

6191

*Back View.***CHILD'S BOX-PLAITED APRON.**

No. 6191.—This pretty garment may be worn either as apron or a dress, and may be made of any desirable material. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the apron for a child of 5 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed.



6178

Front View.

6178

*Back View.***GIRLS' WAIST, WITH YOKE AND BELT.**

No. 6178.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 15 cents. It will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or one yard 36 inches wide, to make the waist for a girl of 6 years.



6169

Front View.

6169

*Back View.***GIRLS' GORED DRESS, WITH REVERS.**

No. 6169.—This model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age and costs 30 cents. To make the dress for a girl of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain goods and $1\frac{1}{4}$ of plaid 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plaid 48 inches wide, will be required.



6193

Front View.

6193

*Back View.***MISSES' BOX-PLAITED BLOUSE.**

No. 6193.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the blouse for a miss of 13, will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.



6166

Front View.

6166

*Back View.***GIRLS' BLOUSE WAIST, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.**

No. 6166.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls of from 2 to 9 years, and costs 20 cents. To make the waist for a girl of 5 years will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide.



6167

Front View.

6167

*Back View.***GIRLS' SPANISH WRAPPER, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.**

No. 6167.—This model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make a wrapper for a girl of 6 years, 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

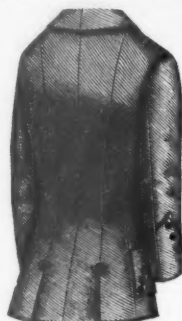


6188

Front View.

MISSSES' JACKET, CLOSED DIAGONALLY.

No. 6188.—The novel and modish appearance of this charming jacket tends to make it quite a popular wrap for the miss during the cooler portions of the coming season. Heavy suiting or any of the fashionable Spring cloakings may be employed for its construction. The trimming may consist of bindings of braid, silk or velvet, or may be a finish composed of machine-stitching, or bands or folds of silk. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the jacket for a miss of 11 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6188

Back View.



FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' MORNING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This costume is in the Spanish style and is made of figured cambric. The model is No. 6167, which is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make it for a girl of 6 years, 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, will be required.

The sun-bonnet was cut by pattern No. 4431, which is in 4 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age and costs 15 cents. To make it for a girl of 6 years, one yard of goods 36 inches wide will be needed.



FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This little costume consists of a Breton dress and a cutaway coat. The dress was cut by pattern No. 6094, which is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. The coat is in cutaway shape and was cut by pattern No. 6179, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 20 cents.

To make the costume from 22-inch-wide goods for a girl of 6 years, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be needed, the dress requiring $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards, and the coat $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





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